Northern Messenger

VOLUME XL. No. 12 MONTREAL, MARCH 24, 1905. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Wm Bronscombe 30:13

The Ebb and Flow of the Tide.

(Marianne Farningham, in the London 'Sunday-school Times.')

I stand on the edge of a boundless sea
Whose waters are vast and deep.
Sometimes the billows fight furiously,
And sometimes calmly sleep;
Sometimes in their generous wealth they rise
Up to my very feet;
And now they are stretching so far away,
That I scarcely hear them beat;
But pleasures and troubles are coming thus
On the breast of the waters wide,
And I wait to see what shall be to me
With the ebb and the flow of the tide.

Like a boat that is stranded I lie a while
On the tide-forsaken shore;
The hot sun beats on the barren strand,
And, oh, that the day were o'er!
Where are my waters of blessing now,
I ask of my lonely heart,
And the joyous movement and glow of life
In which I once had part?
But a lesson in patience is given to me
While the waters from me glide;
Though the time be long, I can wait with song,
For the flow of the freshening tide.

Oh, merry and free is the sunlit sea
When the bounding waters play,
And the rhythmic leaps of the gentle waves
Keep time to my gladsome lay.
Cheerily dancing the bright hours through,
The waters rise and fall,
And the beautiful skies in their cloudless blue
Look down and bless us all;
And every change is an added bliss,
While gently the waters glide,
And hope laughs out with a happy shout
On the ebb and the flow of the tide.

A terrible storm beats down on me,
And the waves are mountain-high,
In a tempest of anger they rise and shriek
To the black and frowning sky;
And I am out in the whirl and rush,
Helpless, alone, afraid:
The waves and the billows sweep over me
And how is my soul dismayed!
Oh, for a helper—a saving ark,
A haven in which to hide!
But after the storm a calm will come
With the ebb or flow of the tide.

My home is away across the sea,
Where the skies and the waters meet;
That is the land where the Summers last,
And the tempests never beat.
And what of the voyage that lies between
This and the other shore?
I have a boat that is safe and strong,
And a Pilot to take me o'er;
The water is low, but soon, I know,
I shall see the face of my Guide,
And sail away to the happy day
On the joyous flow of the tide.

The Finding of an Orator.

(From 'Stepping Stones,' by Orison Swett Marden.)

A dark-visaged, unkempt man, who had evidently been on a protracted spree, but whose face retained some evidences of refinement, shuffled up to the desk of Stephen Merritt in his New York office, one bright summer morning a little more than ten years ago. In his hand he carried a battered hat, but so much did he tremble from effects of long abstinence from food and the nerve-racking consequences of strong drink, that the hat fell from his grasp, as he stood waiting for the merchant to look up. A week's growth of beard gave his face a tramplike appearance.

'Mr. Merritt,' he began, falteringly, 'I have been told that you are a friend of the unfortunate——'

There was something in the tone of the speaker's voice that caused Mr. Merritt to stop writing and turn sharply in surprise. He looked the man over scrutinizingly. Evidently, he thought, it was an unusual case. A pair of pathetic dark eyes looked, appealingly, straight into his. The tramp had once been a gentleman—that was plain.

'I am unfortunate; will you help me?'

In his bluff way, the philanthropist pretended to be very angry at the suggestion. While secretly resolved to help the poor fellow, he exclaimed:

'Not a cent for a drunkard! I have all I can do to assist those who are worthy. How dare you ask me for money, when you know you will go straight to a rumshop with it?'

The dark eyes of the stranger snapped fire. The manhood in him had not been extinguished.

'Try me,' he replied, as he bit his lips; 'try me.'

Down into his vest pocket went the hand of the merchant, bringing forth a five-dollar bill. Handing it over, he said, earnestly:

'I will try you; but, if I am deceived, as I have been so often——'

'You won't be, Mr. Merritt,' interrupted the man; 'you won't be. Your kindness will make a man of me.'

He grasped the hand of his benefactor, and, in a choking voice, promised to reform, and to let him know.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day. The merchant-philanthropist was about to leave his office. He had been very busy all day, partly with the demands of his business, partly with the claims of the poor. A fine-looking man of about thirty-five was his last caller.

'What can I do for you, sir?' Mr. Merritt asked, just a trace of impatience in his voice.

'I have called,' said the stranger, 'to show you that I have kept my promise.'

'What promise? Who are you?'

'Why, Mr. Merritt, don't you remember me? I called only this morning.'

'This morning! I never saw you before in my life.'

A merry smile brightened the dark face of the caller. His clean-shaven features would alone have prevented recognition. But in addition to a fresh shave, he had fresh linen, a well-blacked pair of shoes, plain but neat clothing, and a trim hat. These had worked a transformation in his appearance marvellous to behold. It required earnest assurances on his part to convince Mr. Merritt that his two callers were one and the same man. He explained in a few words. Fired with an earnest determination to reform, he had spent several hours in tidying up. His first investment was a good bath. Next he patronized a barber, then a ready-made clothing dealer, then a haberdasher. With his last twenty-five cents he had purchased a comfortable meal. Not a cent had gone for liquor.

So delighted was the philanthropist with the result of his experiment, that he procured work for the man in the office of Funk & Wagnalls, publishers of 'The Voice,' addressing envelopes at fifteen cents a hundred.

'Do you know, who that man is?' asked Sam Small, the noted prohibitionist, as he walked through the publishing house, and noticed the quiet figure of the new mailing clerk.

'No.'

'He is John G. Woolley, one of the most brilliant men of the Great West, a man of the highest education and mental power. As a lawyer in Minneapolis, he was easily the leader of the bar of his State, his practice netting him from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But he fell, a victim to strong drink.'

It was indeed true. An uncontrollable appetite had wrecked the home and the professional career of one of the brightest men in Minnesota. His wife had clung to him until he had lost all self-respect; then she had left him.

The struggle upward was a bitter one for the reformed man, but it was brightened by the love and helpfulness of true friends. The Rev. Dr. Deems took an interest in him, and so did the late Dr. Boole. His devoted wife hurried to his side, and together they bravely faced the world again. Bankrupt in health as well as in purse, a period of rest was procured for him at Springfield, Mass. Then, one Sunday afternoon, he made his first temperance speech at Cooper Union, New York. It was electrical. Thrilling as were the words to the auditors, the speech was destined to have a still more powerful effect upon the speaker himself. It opened up a new vista to him. Strengthened by the consolations of religion, and encouraged by the promptings of his wife, of his friends, and of his own heart, Mr. Woolley resolved to devote his life to the work of saving others from the drink evil. His own reformation being permanent, his great talents soon began to find play. Within a year, there burst on the sky of temperance reform a star of the first maghitude, a brilliant thinker, an able party leader, a man of such im-

passioned eloquence that he swayed audiences as never temperance lecturer had done since the days of John B. Gough.

One day a splendid-looking couple drove up to the office of Mr. Merritt, and alighted. The one was Mr. Woolley, now a prince among men; the other was his devoted wife, her face beaming with happiness. It was the anniversary of the day when the greenback had been given to the tramp. The interview that followed was very dramatic. When it was over, three people were wiping their eyes.

'I knew you would be glad to see the good your five-dollar bill has accomplished,' said Mr. Woolley.

'I'd sell out my business to-morrow, and go to work as a grave-digger,' said the grizzled veteran, 'if I could invest the money in chaps like you.'

The True Lent.

Is this a fast—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour—
Or ragged go—
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—Robert Herrick.

'Brighten the Lonely Homes'

Most people who live in cities and towns, or even in the rural districts of our more settled counties and provinces, will emphatically declare that reading matter, whether books or papers, ranks among the necessities of life; and very few are there of these who in their own homes or through the loan of a friendly neighbor or the nearest public library, cannot have all the reading for which they have time and disposition.

But those who have gone and are going, by the thousands and tens of thousands, to make new homes for themselves in the remoter parts of the Dominion, have stern cause to know that life can be lived—must often be lived, in fact—with very little in the way of reading matter. Where every energy is strained to provide for the physical needs, to get a home secured, and enough food grown for hungry mouths, books, desirable as they are, must of necessity take second place.

Just here comes in the opportunity that has been embraced by the Aberdeen Association. You could not offer your new neighbor who has just come from 'the Old Country' any of the necessities of life. He would resent it as a reflection on his ability to provide for his family; but you could offer him your paper or magazine or even a book or two that you had already enjoyed—or some fresh pictures for the children—or, perchance, some seeds for the goodwife's garden. His heart would be cheered by this expression of frank, brotherly sympathy, while his sense of independence would be untouched.

This is what, in effect, is being done by the Association formed some ten years ago, largely through the instrumentality of Lady Aberdeen, having as its avowed object 'the distribution of good literature to settlers in isolated parts of Canada.' It has won the enthusiastic co-operation of many in the old land as well as in this country, yet there is plenty of scope for additional help in all departments since the population of the newer parts of our Dominion goes forward by leaps and bounds.

The Association receives application for literature either directly or indirectly, upon which a letter is sent out to the applicant to ascertain the number in family, religious preference, personal tastes, etc., of the household that, as far as possible, the packet may be acceptable, both as to religious and secular matter. So long as the family or individual writes twice a year to the branch which sends the supply, the packages are despatched monthly. The Christmas parcels, usually containing pictures, games, children's books, etc., where these are likely to be welcomed. Scores of grateful appreciative letters are received from those who have been cheered by these kindly ministrations, and many of these recipients, when able to provide themselves with literature, voluntarily notify the committees that their parcels may now be sent to more needy settlers.

A most interesting pamphlet was issued some time ago by the Association, entitled 'The Mission of the Old Magazine,' the chief feature of which is an address given by Lady Aberdeen herself before a large audience. In the course of this address, Lady Aberdeen says in reference to the settlers' letters:—

'Do not these letters give us an idea how the magazines and papers of the Aberdeen Association may shed a radiance over life, charming away the aching sense of loneliness, the feeling of desolation that so often comes to those shut out from the outer world? The story of adventure and the tale of heroism, the explanation of a scientific truth, the picture of the life of some leaders in thought or action, which we passed over so lightly as we cut the pages of the magazine, have a new meaning when received in those far-away places of the earth. Can we not imagine the rush for the papers when the mail arrives? Can we not picture the breathless interest of the group gathered round the father in the evening? Can we not conceive how new aims and new motives transform the whole life of many a young man and maiden who ponder over an article which has revealed new truths to their hearts?

'This then is the work which those who support the Aberdeen Association are doing; they are helping many a family to fight the battle of life, lightening the burden of overworked fathers and mothers, educating the children in a thousand pleasant ways, and giving wholesome recreation and food for thought to many a solitary young fellow far from all kith and kin, and who may be thereby strengthened against temptation and directed toward noble ends.'

Those desiring to help this good work should write to the secretary of the nearest branch, enquiring what lines of literature are at present most needed, the address of the receiving room for the district, and any other information required. The post-office franks parcels not exceeding two pounds in weight from the branches to the settlers, but cost of sending supplies to the Branches must, of course, be borne by those wishing to share their pleasures with others and to 'brighten the lonely homes.'

The Secretary of the Association is Mr. C. F. Whitley, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, who will gladly give any further information desired.

The secretaries of the Branches are as follows.—

Halifax—Miss E. M. Ritchie, 'Winwick.'

St. John, N.B.—Miss M. Golding.

Montreal—Miss M. A. Reid, 2710 St. Catherine street.

Ottawa—Miss Jarvis, 361 Daly avenue.

Kingston—Miss Fraser, 228 Johnston street.

Toronto—Miss M. Macdougall, 41 avenue rd.

London—Miss M. McMillan, 230 Central ave.

Hamilton—Miss Bickle, 156 Hughson street, South.

Brandon—Mrs. Kirchhoffer.

Victoria—Miss L. Angus.

On a City Street.

A writer in the 'Presbyterian College Journal' relates a striking little street incident that came to her view:

'Strolling along one bright morning, I noticed, walking painfully in front of me, a very old lady. The sidewalk was treacherous with ice, and the curbstones between streets are so constructed as to make it a necessity to lift the foot a step down, and after crossing, a step up. At each corner she clung to a telephone pole, and when first observed was struggling to raise one foot to the sidewalk. Before I could reach her a little girl in a gray suit came quietly and guided her over, then left her with a smile in answer to the murmured thanks. At the next block a small boy who was going whistling past, performed the same office, and she looked up in pleased surprise. At the third street a prettily dressed young girl saw the pathetic movements of the frail pedestrian and ran quickly to her side.

'Then, with a nod and a smile, she turned up the street, evidently nearing home, and as I looked after her I thought with a tender pride of the young people who, unknown to each other, had been ready, upon first impulse, to help one so weak and helpless.

'It was a clear and sunny side light of a city street, that one so frail could not only walk in safety, but at once enlist the ready sympathy and aid of willing hearts and hands.'

We are so weak and blind and alone, that we ought just to let ourselves be led. 'I will guide thee by mine eye'; so can we go wrong?

A Disciple's Prayer.

At sunrise pray: 'Now, Lord, Thy day begins;
Receive my thanks; grant strength; wash out my sins;
My feet must stumble if I walk alone;
Lonely my heart till beating by Thine own;
My will is weakness till it rest in Thine
Cut off, I wither, thirsting for the Vine;
My deeds are dry leaves on a sapless tree,
My life is lifeless till it live in Thee!'

At sunset this: 'Now, Lord, Thy daylight fades;
Guide Thou my craft amidst the gathering shades;
I thank Tee that Thou steerest my frail bark,
O faithful Pilot, o'er these waters dark;
The waves have bared their threatening fangs of white,
But "Peace, be still!" Thou speakest. Now comes night;
I drop mine anchor in the silent sea;
Through the long watches I am safe with Thee!'

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Song for Spring.

List! List! The buds confer;
This noonday they've had news of her;
The south bank has had views of her;
The thorn shall exact his dues of her;
The willows adream
By the freshet stream
Shall ask what boon they choose of her.

Up! Up! The mold's astir;
The would-be green has word of her;
Root and germ have heard of her,
Coming to break
Their sleep, and wake
Their hearts with every bird of her.

See! See! How swift concur
Sun, wind, and rain at the name of her,
A-wondering what became of her;
The fields flower at the flame of her;
The glad air sings
With dancing wings
And the silvery-shrill acclaim of her.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in 'Century.'

How Two Boys Crossed the Niagara Falls in a Basket.

Alex. Lee and George Frost were boys when General Roebling undertook to build the great suspension bridge across Niagara Falls. This was fifty years ago. The boys lived on the American side of the river, within sight of the falls, and very near the spot upon which the bridge was to be built. There was great interest in the project, for the plan was regarded as one of the most remarkable that had ever been attempted by engineering skill.

The workmen were divided into two parties, one working on the American, the other upon the Canadian side. There was no means of getting across except by taking rowboats, several miles below the falls. The chief engineer under General Roebling took up his residence very near to the homes of these two boys and they were so constantly on hand whenever he went to the river that he could not escape an acquaintance with them.

He was a rather silent man, and they were both surprised, therefore, when he turned to them one day and said: 'Here, boys! Can you fly a kite?'

'Yes, sir,' they responded promptly.

'Can you fly one well?' he continued, looking at them keenly.

'Pretty well, sir,' Alex responded more modestly.

'If you can fly one well,' replied the engineer, 'you will help me to build the suspension bridge.'

Alex's eyes grew big, and so did George's. Help build the suspension bridge!

The engineer saw the effect of his words, and added, 'Come down this afternoon with the best kite you have, and we shall see if you can send it to the Canadian shore. If you can, you will be the lads to carry across the first cable for one of the most remarkable bridges in the world.'

Then, for the first time, the boys saw what he meant. They looked at each other a moment, and then set off for home as fast as their bare feet would carry them.

They said nothing to the family, but betook themselves to the woodshed, where they set to work with a will. Kite-flying had always been one of their greatest sports; and they had made dozens of kites, as season followed season. The frame of one that had been a favorite still hung in the shed. They got it down and covered it with the strongest but lightest paper they could secure. It was nothing but an ordinary home-made kite, but they felt sure of its flying qualities when it was ready to be taken down to the river.

Upon their arrival the engineer examined the kite, while they looked on with mingled hope and fear. At length he said, taking up a ball of twine, 'Put this on in place of the string you have. It is light but very strong. The wind is in the right direction and blowing well. You ought to succeed.'

They quickly tied on the new cord, and then Alex took the ball, while George went to a short distance with the kite, ready to give it a push. It started well. Then there came a sudden puff of wind, followed by a lull; the kite veered, staggered and came to the ground with a flop. George picked it up quickly. Some of the small boys standing about shouted derisively, but the engineer said, 'Never mind, boys, you are not the only people who have failed the first time. Try again.'

Once more George held the kite as high as he could. Alex got a good start, and in a moment more the kite was sailing away in a steady course toward the river. Alex ran to the bank, then began to pay out his line as evenly as his excitement would permit. It was a glorious sight, and all watched with keen interest as the kite grew smaller and soared steadily.

At last a shout went up from the opposite bank, and every one knew the kite was over the Canadian shore. Unrolling the remainder of the cord upon the ground Alex suddenly let the line slack. The kite wavered, made a wild dive, and dropped.

'Well done, boys,' exclaimed General Roebling as a great cheer arose from both sides of the river. Two prouder boys than George and Alex you can scarcely imagine. 'It is clear sailing now,' added the engineer, as he fastened a heavier cord to the kite string, and then signalled the men on the opposite shore to draw it over. Each successive line was heavier and stronger than the last, and finally a one-inch cable was pulled across the 1,200 feet of space beneath which roared the mighty river.

The cable was made secure by drawing it over a wooden tower on each bank, embedding the ends in the solid rock and fastening them with a key of melted lead. After the cable was laid, the men were instructed to build an immense iron basket which could be drawn from shore to shore over the cable, by means of ropes and a windlass on each bank. This was intended to carry the tools, and even the men themselves, to and fro.

The boys scracely found time to eat their meals during these days. The afternoon the basket was being finished George was obliged to pile a cord of wood, and Alex volunteered to help him. It was late when they finished, but the next morning found them again at the bridge.

'Now, boys,' said the engineer as he showed the completed basket, 'since you helped us so well with our cable, I think you should be allowed to make the first trip across the river. Would you like to ?'

Without stopping to consider, they both exclaimed, 'Yes, indeed!' thinking only of the glory of the feat.

'All right, jump in,' was the response, and the workmen drew the basket close to shore.

If their hearts misgave them nothing could have induced them to show it now. They settled themselves in the basket, which was deep, and large enough to hold both comfortably. Then the signal was given and the men on the farther shore began to turn the windlass. The basket moved slowly forward, and the boys waved their caps to the men.

At first the excitement of the adventure kept their spirits at a high pitch. The basket went forward steadily, but it swayed back and forth below the cable with a motion which was not altogether agreeable. The boys had lived near the falls all their lives and its noise was a familiar sound, but now, for the first time the terrific roar of the water impressed them with its mighty force and power.

George looked off to the falls. Never before had they seemed of such immense height. The view was a new one. Then he looked down. One hundred and sixty feet below him was the roaring, seething mass of water, and he felt suddenly faint and sick. He glanced at the cable; it seemed like a thread, measured by the space beneath, and it was all that held them over that awful chasm. He could hear the water churn and surge below him, but he dared not look down again. Alex was as white as a ghost. George glanced ahead at the farther shore; they had not gone one-third of the distance, and it was 1,200 feet from shore to shore. The distance was appalling. He grew dizzy again and curled down in the bottom of the basket. It seemed hours that he lay there. At last he looked up; the sky seemed nearer than the water, and so he kept his eyes on the floating clouds. Gradually he began to feel better.

'Alex,' he said, 'we must brace up. We are nearly to shore and we don't want to show the white feather. Keep your eyes on the sky, but sit up.'

Alex did as he suggested, and when they finally neared the shore they were able to respond to the cheers and greetings of the men. But the joy of landing was completely swallowed up by the thought of the return trip. Still, there was no alternative, and pride made them try to hide their feelings from the men.

After a rest of about ten minutes the workmen made ready to start the basket back. The boys stepped in, setting their teeth hard, and shouting a farewell which stuck in their throats.

The basket swung off again, but though the motion was as unpleasant as ever, and the roar of the water was as great, they had learned to look skyward, and the giddiness was not so great. At last they heard voices from the shore, and bracing themselves they looked forward. They were so near that they could see among the throng on the bank the white faces of George's father and mother, looking stern and anxious. But so limp and white did the boys look, as they stepped ashore, that it was thought they had been punished enough.

The crowd of boys shouted and cheered; and for weeks after they never tired of having Alex and George tell of their wonderful trip.

A Timely Warning.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, three months ago, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of paroquets settled down in the rigging and passed an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared, but towards nightfall they came back and passed the night in the maintop. The next morning the birds flew off once again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up

the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck-house. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard, no one knows; but on reaching port, two days later, the captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. The birds left the vessel on the morning after the storm and were not seen again.—Maryland 'Bulletin.'

Easily Given.

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving,
But it scattered the night
Like morning light
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it wove
In shining colors of light and love,
And the angels smiled as they watched above,
Yet little it cost in giving.

It was only a kindly word,
And a word that was lightly spoken,
Yet not in vain,
For it stilled the pain
Of a heart that was nearly broken.
It strengthened a fate beset by fears
And groping blindly through mists of tears
For light to brighten the coming years,
Although it was lightly spoken.

It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing,
But its clasps were warm,
And it saved from harm
A brother whose strength was failing.
Its touch was tender as angel's wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs
And pointed the way to higher things,
Though it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word, or a touch,
And each is easily given,
Yet one may win
A soul from sin
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the falling heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart—
How easily each is given!
—Unidentified.

The Adventures of Tommy.

Tommy was a bluejay I took from the nest before he was able to fly. He was too young to eat by himself, so I had to feed him. Whenever I appeared at the box in which he was kept, out of the nest he would pop like a jack-in-the-box, with his bill open to its widest extent, expecting me to drop something into it.

I fed him on cracker and egg with a small stick. When he had enough he fell back into his nest and went to sleep. He was a great pet and when old enough was allowed to run in the garden.

If anything frightened him he would hop up on the veranda and hide. When bed-time came Tommy was always to be found in his cage; but one night I forgot him until after dark, and when I went to look for him no Tommy was to be seen. Immediately there was consternation in the family. With lighted candles we searched in the 'by-ways and hedges' and in all his favorite hiding places, but he could not be found. On the porch was a trellis work for a climbing cactus, and as I passed it I heard a faint chirp and on looking to see where it came from discovered the lost one roosting on one of the crossbars. He had been sound asleep and the light had awakened him.

One day I heard a terrible commotion in the garden. Thinking a cat was killing Tommy I rushed out to find him fighting two blackbirds who had a nest in a tree overhead. As Tom's wing was clipped, the blackbirds had the advantage, but he fought valiantly. He would rush at them, and peck them, screaming with all his might. Other blackbirds hearing the noise flew to the assistance of their friends and Tommy had to retire under a bush. The other birds then flew up in the tree and waited. When Tommy thought the coast was clear he ventured out, only to be attacked once more. This lasted nearly all the afternoon until Tommy managed to escape to the shelter of the porch, from which place of safety he scolded the enemy.

Some wild jays enticed Tommy away from home; he was gone nearly two days. When he failed to return the second day I thought it was time to hunt him up, so, armed with a choice morsel of raw meat, of which Tom was very fond, I went in pursuit of the runaway. I passed several flocks of jays and called out, 'Tommy, Tommy,' but no Tommy answered, so with a sad heart I turned my steps homeward.

A short distance from home I saw a forlorn-looking jaybird, that seemed familiar, hunting for worms in the mud. I called to him and as soon as he heard his name he hopped up on the fence and looked all around. I shook the meat at him and said, 'Come, Tommy,' and the next minute he had flown into my hands. And wasn't he glad to get home! He was not used to hunting for his dinner, and was nearly starved.—'Pets and Animals.'

All Boys Should Learn—

To run; to swim, and to carve.

To be neat; to make a fire, and to be punctual.

To do any errand; to cut kindling, and to sing if they can.

To help their mothers; to hang up their hats, and to respect their teachers.

To hold their heads erect; to sew on their own buttons and to read aloud when requested.

To wipe their shoes on the mat; to cultivate a cheerful temper, and to speak pleasantly to an old person.

To attend strictly to their own business. A very important point. And finally to be as kind and as helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.—Ex.

A Chinese Game.

'What,' we inquired of Chi, 'is that game the boys play with two marbles?'

Without directly answering my question Chi turned to the boys and said:

'Kick the marbles.'

The boys soon produced from somewhere—Chinese boys can always produce anything from anywhere—two marbles an inch and a half in diameter. Chi put one on the ground, and with the toe of his shoe upon it, gave it a shove. Then placing the other, he shoved it in the same way, the object being to hit the first.

There are two ways in which one may win. The first boy says to the second, kick this marble north (south, east or west) of the other at one kick. If he succeeds he wins, if he fails the other wins.

If he puts it north as ordered, he may kick again to hit the other ball, in which case he wins again. If he hits the ball and goes north, as ordered, at one kick, he wins double.

Each boy tries to leave the balls in as difficult a position as possible for his successor; and here comes in a peculiarity which leaves this game unique among the games of the world. If the position in which the balls are left is too difficult for the other to play he may refuse to kick and the first is compelled to play his own difficult game—or like Haman—to hang on his own gallows. It recognizes the Chinese golden rule of not doing to others what you would not have them do to you.—From Headland's 'The Chinese Boy and Girl.'

The Wonders of Creation.

(George Bancroft Griffith, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

In contemplating the grand panorama of God's universe, we are sensibly impressed with the profound and miraculous display of his omniscience, and the vastness of his creative power and wisdom. The broad surface of this material world is filled with animal and vegetable life, in myriads of varieties, forms and conditions; the production and development of the least of which is beyond the comprehension of man. For instance:

Even the cave animals of North America, according to Prof. A. S. Packard, of Brown University, comprise 172 species of blind animals, nearly all of which are mostly white in color.

Certain female insects live sixty-four times as long as the male. The female of bees and ants are longer lived than the males.

The sea has no herbiverous animal. It is a great slaughter house, where all the inhabitants prey on each other.

The surface of the mighty deep is alive with vast swarms of minute organisms, both plants and animals, and it has been shown conclusively that showers of these keep dropping day and night like a constant rain toward the ooze of the bottom. One of the wonders of the ocean is the sea urchin, which has five teeth in five jaws—one in each jaw—all the five immediately surrounding the stomach. The jaws have a peculiar centralized motion, all turning inward and downward, so that they act as feeders.

In the hippopotamus the eyes, ears and nostrils are all set on the same plane, which enables the animal to sink its body entirely below the surface of the water, and yet keep thoroughly informed as to its surroundings.

The largest mouth, proportioned to the size of the animal, is that of the frog. The mouth of the leech is a powerful sucker, which will sustain many times its weight. The tongue of the toad and frog is prehensile. By means of it these animals seize and hold their prey. The mouth of the lobster is small and he must tear his food to pieces with his claws before he can devour it. The mouth of the octopus is in the centre of his body, and is provided with a beak closely resembling that of a parrot. The teeth of fish, like the teeth of most animals, are not fastened to the bone, but are held in sockets.

It is a curious fact that any great fright will induce the lobster to drop his claws. They are greatly terrified by thunder, and when frightened by loud peals large numbers of them will drop their claws and swim away to deeper water, but new claws begin to grow at once, and are soon as large and hard as the old ones.

A travelling friend has described to the writer an enormous crab of the Malay islands, which lives upon the fruit of the cocoanut, and this singular creature secures it by climb-

ing the trees. It breaks the nuts either by hurling them down or by beating against the rocks.

Recently a traveller in central Australia discovered that the surface of the country has been greatly changed by what may appear at first thought a ridiculous agency—the white ants. On plains and in thickets their nests are so numerous that it is difficult to drive among them. The clay with which the nests are built is, when cemented with resinous matter, as hard as brick, and when the nests fall to pieces they form clay flats, almost impervious to water and not easily cut up by the traffic. The work of these marvellous creatures can be studied in all stages. First in the thickets, where they are commencing work; then in the more open country, where they have crowded out the timber; next to the plains, where half the hills will be found deserted; and lastly the clay flats, where they have almost entirely disappeared and the scrub has begun to grow again. The nests are further remarkable for the large proportion of iron they contain.

One solitary wing case of a beetle was the only evidence of primeval life discovered some twenty-five years since in the arctic regions, and as twenty-five new kinds of fossil plants were then found, this is taken as an evidence of a change of climate.

Not long ago I saw a couple of specimens of those strange creatures known as flying foxes, in the city of Boston, on Cornhill, near Washington street, in the window of a fancy bird and shell store. In Australia they are called fox-bats, and frequently have bodies as large as a domestic cat. They were first seen in the Friendly Isles during Captain Cook's voyage round the world, in 1772 to 1775, where they still abound.

Few know that the greatest enemy of the scorpion is the mouse, which attacks the reptile repeatedly, and so fatigues him that he stings himself to death.

The forests of southern Brazil are said by the natives to be infested with a huge worm called the minohaco. It has a scale armor of bones, and pulls up trees by the roots.

Gladstone's Private Kindness.

Really great men are apt to like quiet ways in their benevolence. They

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

There lives a humble but thrifty shoemaker in Berlin, Prussia, who remembers one instance of this with perennial gratitude.

When he was a young man, he went to London and opened a little workshop, but his gains were so small that he made nothing beyond his present needs, and his hope to earn a home of his own seemed doomed to disappointment. A worthy German girl at service in the city had become engaged to him, and his pride at first would not suffer him to tell her the whole truth; but when, one day, a customer came with a generous order, and he found himself too poor to buy the leather to make the shoes, he felt that he must share his trouble with his only friend.

In the brief hours of a half-holiday they took a stroll together, and among other places visited St. Paul's Cathedral. By the time they entered the famous whispering gallery he had found courage to reveal the whole story of his circumstanaces. Their presence in the Church suggested the one theme nearest their hearts, and in talking of it, he forced himself to tell his betrothed wife that their marriage was almost beyond hope.

The brave girl encouraged him, and insisted on giving him her own little savings, so that he might purchase the leather and fill his customer's order. Business would improve, and their prospects brighten by and by, she said.

Probably both were too much pre-occupied to realize that they stood where 'walls have ears' and ceilings are telltales—and that there are Englishmen to whom German is no unknown tongue.

Unbeknown to the young shoemaker, when, he went to buy the leather, he was 'shadowed.' The person who followed him was not a detective, but a gentleman who had been commissioned to enquire about him, and had done so with satisfactory results. The shoemaker was about to pay for his purchase, when the leather merchant astonished him by offering to give him credit. The unseen 'shadow' had contrived to say a good word for him in the ear of the merchant.

That open account was the beginning of better days for the poor young man. Prosperity followed, and surprising orders from the wealthiest families poured in. He married and established a comfortable home, and for years was known in London as the 'Parliament shoemaker.'

Had he stayed in London, he might never have known who his secret friend was, but the longing of his wife for her native country finally decided him to return to Berlin. When he paid his last bill, his dealer told him that the man to whom he owed the credit that put him on his feet was Mr. Gladstone. The great minister happened to be in the whispering gallery at the opportune moment, and had overheard the tale of the young workman's poverty.

When Mr. Gladstone died, a plain, oak-leaf chaplet came from Berlin, through the hands of the British consul in that city, to be placed with the funeral offerings around the statesman's casket. It was the German shoemaker's gift of remembrance—after twenty years—and its simplicity would have delighted the heart of the illustrious Englishman, who was as modest in his private kindness as he was grand in public command.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

The Legend of Two Brothers.

A charming tradition is connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been owned in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family, the other had none. On the evening succeeding harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife:

'My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take my shocks and place them with his without his knowledge.'

The younger brother, being actuated by a similar kind motive, said within himself:

'My brother has a family and I have none; I will contribute to their support. I will take my shocks and place them with his without his knowledge.'

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning their shocks were undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved to stand guard and solve this mystery.

They did so, and on the following night they met each other half way between their respective shocks with arms full. Upon ground hallowed by such associations as these was the temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent, the admiration and wonder of the world!—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Incredulous Veery.

Two hunters chanced one day to meet
Near by a thicket wood;
They paused each other there to greet,
Both in a playful mood.
Said one, 'I had to wade a stream,
Now, this you must not doubt,
And when I reached the other shore
My boots were full of trout.'

Whew! cried a Veery perched in view
To hear if what they said were true. Whew!
The other's wit was now well whet.
Said he, 'Let me narrate:
I bought three hundred traps and set
For fur both small and great;
Now, when next morning came, behold,
Each trap contained a skin;
And other disappointed game
Stood waiting to get in.'

The astonished Veery whistled, Whew!
I hardly think that story true. Whew!!!
—Florence A. Van Sant, in 'Congregationalist.'

Frieda's Twin.

(Winifred M. Kirkland, in 'A True Republic.')

It was not altogether Ford's fault that he did not understand. In that overworked family it did seem as if they might have one member who was a little care-free. For even the mother worked, sitting eight hours a day at her cashier's desk, and Bertha and Will, while still in their early twenties, had worn faces and tired-looking shoulders. Frieda and Ford were still in school, but Frieda painted dinner cards and paper-doll sets that brought a dollar and a half at the Woman's Exchange.

Only Ford had never worked. Somehow the others conspired to give Ford as much as they could of the good time they could not have, for Ford was the youngest; that is, of course, Frieda was his twin, but Frieda was a girl, and besides, Frieda had always seemed grown-up.

The twins were as different as twins sometimes are. Ford was handsome, irresponsible, lazy, good-natured; Frieda was a little wiry bundle of nerves, and plain-faced, keen, irritable. No wonder nobody ever petted Frieda.

Six years before, when the twins were ten, their father had died. Frieda remembered every minute of that time, because, as usual, she kept doing the wrong thing.

Somehow guessing that her father's death meant straitened circumstances for them all, Frieda had pounded her way into her mother's darkened room, holding out her bullfrog bank. When her mother tried gently to tell her that the few little dimes need not be sacrificed, the child, already overwrought, burst into a passion of reproaches, so that her mother sent her to her room for the rest of the day.

Shortly after, Ford came stealing to Frieda's door. 'Frieda,' he whispered, 'if we're quiet, couldn't we go out in the yard and play?'

'Ford!' cried Frieda. 'How can you want to play?' Then a sudden realization swept over her, Ford looked so woe-begone.

'I can't leave my room,' she said; 'but you may take my best paints and go up in the attic. Here's the Greenaway book.'

From that day Frieda had taken care of Ford and brought him up, for the rest of the family were too busy. He had rather a quarrelsome upbringing, it must be confessed, for Ford was a tease and Frieda had a caustic tongue, and occasionally, sad to tell, a pair of energetic little fists. Now that they were sixteen Frieda no longer used her fists, but her tongue was unabated. In the last years, in fact, ever since she had been in the high school, Frieda had been growing worse and worse.

One Sunday afternoon her mother, stretched out wearily on her couch, had a long talk with

Frieda. It was dreadful, she said, for a girl of Frieda's age to be growing into such a shrew and it was so hard for them all. If only Frieda were more like Ford.

Frieda listened very quietly.

'I'm sorry', she said, at last, 'but I don't seem able to help it. But, mother, why are you getting up? I'm going to get supper.'

'Ford wants an omelette,' replied her mother.

Up in her room, Frieda looked out at the sparrows in the budding trees.

'I'm just horrid, horrid, horrid!' she said. 'I just can't be good, but it seems as if it would be easier if only somebody understood.'

The very next evening Ford himself came down upon her. The twins were in the library, studying. Frieda had finished her Latin and algebra. She was learning 'St. Agnes' Eve' by heart while she mended one of Ford's socks, and also kept an eye on Ford's lessons.

'Stupid, "ames" isn't "amas!" Can't you see the difference? Why is it subjective, anyway? What's the rule—do you remember?'

'Oh, X equals the barrels not the apples. Any idiot—'

Ford suddenly clapped his book shut and then leaned back. 'Frieda'—he had the air of the worm that turns, after due premeditation—'Frieda,' you are the crossest girl that I ever knew.'

His quiet tone, even more than his words, struck home, but Frieda answered:

'If I am the crossest girl, you are the laziest boy I know!'

'Thanks.' He was still looking at her in that disconcerting way. Frieda stumbled a little with the words as she went on:

'You don't care; you don't try. You don't care a thing for study, when we're all save, save, saving, and working hard to send you to college next year. Bertha and Will have just set their hearts on your distinguishing yourself at college, because they could never go. And you could if you just would, because you get such good marks now.'

'Because you help me.'

This was perfectly true, as Frieda knew, and it turned the course of her remarks.

'But the examinations come in June, and I can't help you then.'

'And you can't help me afterward,' continued Ford, impartially. 'You can't go to college with me.'

What was there in those words that made Frieda turn so white, that made her voice so queer?

'I know that I can't go to college!' she said.

'Frieda,' he asked, utterly astonished, 'Frieda, do you want to go to college?'

'Ford,' she whispered, breathlessly, 'do I want to!'

'I didn't know you wanted to,' said Ford. He was groping in bewilderment among all the crowding new thoughts that were coming in upon him. He could not remember that he had ever in his life heard Frieda say she wanted anything.

As for Frieda, she had dropped her head on the table before her, and was sobbing in a way that frightened him. Her little thin hands were stretched out, hard-knotted. Ford did not know why the sight of those shiny knuckles hurt him so. It does hurt to grow up in a minute.

'Goodness knows'—Ford, still bewildered, was talking to himself more than to Frieda—'I don't want to go to college, and you do, and you're as clever as they make 'em. Of course you must go to college. I never thought about it before.'

Frieda, practical, however hysterical, lifted her head.

'Of course I can't go. There isn't money enough for two. I only meant that I wanted you to care a little more about going when it means so much.'

'I'm not going to college, and you are.' It did not sound like Ford at all, that quiet, grown-up decision.

'The others won't let you,' said Frieda.

'Don't they generally let me do what I just please?' asked the tyrant. 'I please that you go to college, and that I go into business—in Will's office, on the day after commencement.'

'No!' cried Frieda, hot color coming into her pale cheeks. 'If the others will let you, I will not! Do all this for me, when I have always been mean to you!'

'Not always,' said Ford, dryly. 'I might mention a few things you've done for me. It's about time I took a turn.'

'I won't let you!'

I say, come round here, can't you? Sit down—there you are! Now talk sense. I don't want to go to college, but if I did—if I did, I'd rather have you go. Now what are you crying for?'

With a wet but shining face pressed against his, Frieda whispered: 'It isn't college, Ford, although no one knows how I want to go—it's just that you understand!'

A Smile.

They might not need me—
Yet they might—
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight—
A smile so small
As mine might be
Precisely their
Necessity.

—Emily Dickenson.

Learn it Now.

Daniel Webster once told a good story in a speech, and was asked where he got it. 'I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never got a chance to use it until to-day,' said he.

Some little boy or girl wants to know what good it will do to learn the 'rule of three' or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this. 'Sometime you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place, but it will be just in place sometime; then if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him.'

He Championed the Helpless.

'I saw a cat like that little one cause a decidedly lively time in front of a concert hall last night,' said a hackman, as he noticed a forlorn little kitten crossing the sidewalk.

'How's that, Jim?'

'It happened early in the evening. A number of persons were standing about, and among them a tall, lanky fellow. You wouldn't have taken him for a fighter. A little kitten came out of a hallway and trotted down the sidewalk. Just then some rounders came down the street. There were three of them, and all looked as though they could put up a good scrap. One of the big fellows saw the kitten and kicked it.

'I saw the tall lanky fellow move out to where the men were. Before I caught on to what was the matter he grabbed the fellow who had kicked the kitten by the collar of his coat, and squaring him round with a jerk said: "What did you mean by kicking that kitten? Did it ever do you any harm?"

'"Well, what have you got to do about it?" one of the fellows said. "It ain't your cat."

'"I've got considerable to do about it, even if it's only a cat.'

'The three big fellows simply stood and leered at the champion of the little kitten. That seemed to make him all the madder, and reaching back he hit the man who had kicked the kitten, saying: "I can't keep from hitting such a miserable coward as you are, and if I ever see you kick a dumb brute again I'll serve you the same way."

'I looked for a general quarrel, but neither the man nor his two companions took it up, but waltzed down the street, muttering that they didn't want to get arrested, but that they would get even. I looked around to see what had become of the lanky fellow, but he had disappeared.—Cincinnati 'Enquirer.'

Cost and Work of a Locomotive.

The modern locomotive costs $15,000 or $18,000, according to size and equipment. The passenger locomotives in former days were embellished with extra brass work and trimmings, the bright parts were kept by the fireman in a state of glittering effulgence, and the passenger engine cost more than the freight engine. Nowadays, the trimmings are not put on, and the passenger engine, being lighter, costs less than the mammoth freighter.

When the engine goes into commission it is a fine piece of machinery, with power to pull long trains over miles of track, day after day, with the strenuous work comes the certainty of deterioration and the necessity of constant repairs. When work was lighter, trains not so heavy, and mileage in lower figures, an engine could be expected to live thirty years, but in locomotives the tendency is toward a decrease of longevity, for the management strives to get all the service possible out of them. The age of expectancy is only approximate. Bad water, that is, water bad for the internal economy of boilers and which causes scale, is perhaps the greatest foe to an engine's hopes for an honorable old age. A bad water division uses up its motive power far more rapidly than hard work elsewhere. A hilly country causes more strain. Local conditions on the line largely affect the motive power. Then, too, housing facilities have much to do with the life of the engine. If it is possible to keep up with needs in repairs, the power stands a better chance for giving long service. The demand for engines, however, may be so pressing that the least possible repairing that will answer is given, with the result that the locomotives constantly deteriorate and lose in efficiency, until complete overhauling becomes a positive necessity. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' in railway as well as in garment repairs.—'The Chautauquan.'

Contentment Taught by the Fire.

(Mrs. Russell Wetmore, in the 'New York Observer.')

'How I dislike this horrid old fashioned house, so far from school and everywhere. Mamma, will we always have to live here?' asked Lillie Blake, crossly, one Sunday morning, as she gathered her gloves and books to start for the Sunday-school.

Mrs. Blake sighed. It was the same old spirit, and the same tiresome question, which Lillie repeatedly asked nowadays, but preaching content to her wayward young daughter seemed useless.

'Dear child,' her mother replied, 'you are late now, what is the use of always finding fault with your home? It is true the locality is no longer as smart as it once was, nor has the house the modern improvements, and I admit it is inconveniently situated in many respects, but, Lillie, it has been the home of your family for three generations. Your poor father

loved it so, and I think that alone would make it dear to you. You know since his death what a struggle it has been for me to keep it at all. I could not rent it without a good deal of money spent upon it, and I could get only a small sum if I sold it in its present condition, certainly not enough for another house in a more desirable neighborhood. So try and be brave and make the best of it, or at least do not complain. Think how many things are worse in this life than an old-fashioned home.'

Lillie looked a little ashamed, but not convinced, so kissing her mother, hastily she called impetuously to Robbie, her little brother, who was coming down stairs, to 'hurry,' and then they rushed off for school. When the children were gone, Mrs. Blake looked towards the sofa where her sunbeam lay, as she called her little lame daughter, who unlike Lillie always made the best of things, even of her sad life and poor shrivelled leg, which kept her from having any sport or fun. She was just recovering from the grip, and looked wan and tired, buf she smiled pleasantly and said:

'Mamma, Lillie is only talking, she must love this dear old home. I know I do, and would hate to live up town. Such nice big rooms, and our darling quaint furniture; it is much nicer to live where the family always did. It seems like we were kings and queens, now don't it?'

Her mother smiled, as she re-arranged her pillows, and answered, 'You sweet Nancy, I feel the same way, though I suppose it is natural for Lillie to dislike being so far from the girls she knows, but you and I love it.'

'And Robbie, too, mamma.'

'Ah, yes, Robbie,' and Mrs. Blake smiled again as she thought of her fat little boy with his happy disposition and his appalling appetite.

Sunday-school was over about half after ten. Sometimes Lillie stayed for church, especially when she knew her mother was coming, but to-day Mrs. Blake could not leave Nancy, so Lillie decided to take Robbie home, as the service was rather long for him. She stopped to talk to some of her friends, and as they were parting, May Walton called out, 'Oh, look, Lillie, at the big flames; there must be a fire somewhere.'

'I suppose so, way down Baltimore street, or near by,' answered Lillie vaguely.

'What noise is that?' asked a girl, joining them as a loud explosion was heard. 'I wonder!' echoed the others. But fires of wholesale buildings and stores in the business section had been so frequent of late that the beginning of what was to be the most fatal their city had ever known, made no impression upon them, and the girls separated for their respective homes, Lillie and Robbie going by themselves, as no one they knew lived in their old time street. Lillie felt brighter and had sense enough to know that it was foolish repining always for what after all could not be helped, so the remainder of that Sunday morning was passed pleasantly in their comfortable library, Mrs. Blake reading the church service, and the children responding and singing hymns. Then a little story appropriate to the day followed, and an early dinner. It was not until four o'clock that afternoon when the crowds of people passing and repassing their door, began to excite their curiosity, Lillie went out to investigate, and soon came back.

'Mamma,' she cried, 'I wish you could see the excitement. Everybody is going towards Baltimore street. They say the fire is the biggest we have ever had, Hurst's store was the first. Now all Hopkins Place, Hanover street and many stores on Baltimore street are in flames. Engines have been sent for everywhere. It is simply awful!'

'Timply awful!' echoed little Robbie.

'Ah, mamma, how I wish I could see it, but you go, don't mind me,' added Nancy bravely.

'No, dearest,' her mother told her, 'I fear I am getting cold myself, and it is so damp. Lillie, it must be dreadful; perhaps you had better not go out again, and Robbie is entirely too little for the crowds you say are on the streets.'

'Oh! no, he cannot go,' answered Lillie, 'but I must; please don't say no, I will be careful.'

'Come home soon then, and tell me all that you hear and see,' replied Mrs. Blake, as Lillie hurried off. Then she settled herself on the sofa by Nancy, and with Robbie half asleep on her lap she told the children stories of her life long ago. Things indeed they had heard repeatedly, but always loved to listen to once again. So the afternoon passed, they little realizing the havoc going on and creeping up towards them, until Lillie returned at about six o'clock wildly excited. 'Mamma,' she simply screamed, 'it is worse than anything you ever imagined. All Baltimore seems in flames. Do you think it will come to us?'

'My darling, I trust not, I pray not,' exclaimed Mrs. Blake, now thoroughly aroused to the danger, for Courtland street, where they lived, was a small and undesirable street between St. Paul and Calvert streets, and they were only a few blocks from Fayette street and Charles, where already the fire had demolished a large fancy store and all around it.

'It is coming on at a fearful rate. If it passes Charles street, on Baltimore street, they say nothing will save that part of the city. The engines have come from everywhere, Washington, Wilmington, Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and New York engines will be here soon.'

'From New York,' gasped Nancy, shocked at the magnitude of the fire.

'From Yuope?' asked little Robbie.

'No, no, dear,' said his mother, 'that is too far away, but how truly terrifying. Suppose we go up in your room, Lillie; from the third story we can see everything.'

'Where is Becky?' asked Lillie, referring to their maid.

'Her Sunday out, you know, dear. I wonder where the poor thing is, and if her family is in danger. She lives in East Baltimore.'

'Mamma, suppose it comes here?'

'Darlings, we must be ready for the worst if it does.'

Then it flashed across Lillie's mind how often of late she had abused and decried their dear old home; now if it were to be taken from them by cruel flames, how bitterly grieved she would be!

'You must not go out again, dear girl,' Mrs. Blake told Lillie. 'Whatever happens we must keep together,' and she thought of their loneliness, for their relatives and friends lived in other parts of the town and she knew they would probably be too exicted and anxious for themselves to think of them. Besides, it was hard to say at that time just what part of Baltimore's resident section might be the victim to the fire. The wind changed and shifted about, and horror and uncertainty were felt all over the city.

To divert the children's minds for a while, Mrs. Blake got up a little supper, making for them their favorite beverage of cocoa, with whipped cream and a preserve omelet. Then she and the little ones took their places at the windows in Lillie's large, comfortable room on the third floor. Here they could watch the rapidly approaching flames, and listen to the roar of many voices, the falling walls and the horrible explosions of dynamite. The terrible sight and sound would never, Mrs. Blake felt, be eliminated from her memory.

Building after building caught, and all hope seemed abandoned. They could but pray and wait. It was impossible to get a waggon to remove even a few of their household treasures. Mrs. Blake could not leave her two helpless children, Nancy and Robbie, in a house which any stray spark might ignite, even if in its course the fire fiend did not come that way; nor could she allow Lillie to go alone to seek aid. She and Lillie packed in small parcels some of their most valued possessions, and then with what they felt might be a good-by glance at the different rooms, as they went through them, picking up here and there some little article that they might save, with aching hearts and anxious eyes they took their place at the windows in Lillie's room. Lillie was sad beyond words. This indeed was the home which she so often abused, here were the treasures of her parents and grandparents, here were her earliest recollections, all doubtless ere long to go up in flames. Ah! how she valued them now when, alas! she feared it was too late. Inwardly she prayed that if they were only spared this horror, she would never again do anything but love and adore her dear old home.

The night wore on, little Robbie asleep on his mother's lap as they sat by the windows watching and actually feeling the heat of the flames, as the fire approached them; Nancy, in her chair leaning back on her pillows, dozed off sometimes, but no such respite came to Lillie or her mother, who never for even an instant lost their tense feeling of terrible apprehension. There they sat alone and prayed and waited.

'We need not go,' said Mrs. Blake, 'until the first house in our block catches, unless the roof take fire from some of the flying cinders, then it will be useless to struggle, we can do nothing to save our home, but we are in our Merciful Father's keeping, and we will stay until the last and then go.'

'Where, mamma, where?'

'Dear, I cannot tell, all our relations and friends may be burnt out, too, before the night is over; but I will carry Nancy and you will take Robbie, and any little parcel you can. Our bags with the miniatures, old jewellery and papers are already fastened on us, and the little money I have, is pinned in my dress body, we can't save nothing else.'

'Not even our silver, nor the old family portraits?'

'Not unless at the last moment we could get a waggon, but pray, dear Lillie, that even yet we may escape this misery. What is that just caught?'

'The Law Buildings, mamma, only two blocks away. Now unless the wind blows in another direction, we are doomed.'

Mrs. Blake put up a silent prayer that still this fearful thing might pass by them, for if they lost their house, it would be all indeed that they possessed. It was not insured for much, and who could tell in such a disaster, that any company would pay? The Law Buildings, the offices near by, were all consumed, the roofs of their rows of houses were in constant danger, and men stood upon them putting out sparks as they fell. The night went on. 'The American,' 'The Sun,' 'The News,' 'The Herald' (the daily paper buildings), perished in the flames. Large trust companies, the banks, stores, the Church of the Messiah, warehouses, innumerable gorgeous modern structures, said to be fire-proof, all shared the same fate, and from solid edifices of stone and marble, crumbled into nothingness under the flames demon progress. As they sat and watched, the wind seemed to be shifting away from them. Fewer sparks fell in their direction, and a grateful hope sprung up in their hearts that at least they would be spared their old home. They were awed into silence at the horrible yet fearfully beautiful sight of

the relentless fire. Their dear city's best section of business life was gone, but the merciful Lord, as they learned later on, had spared the lives of the people, and in the largest and most destructive fire of the age, no one was sacrificed, but then they knew nothing.

How could they tell, alone as they were in the burning regions, who or what had gone from them for ever? Mrs. Blake could only hold her children closer as the two youngest nestled against her, and Lillie stood at her side. The dreary hours passed, and the dreadful night was over. The wind had taken the cruel fire into another part of the city, there to do its deadly work until late the next afternoon, but they were saved! Then with tired eyes and voice choked with sobs, Lillie threw herself into her mother's arms and whispered, 'Oh, dear mamma, thank God for our lives and our home. Never again will I hate it. I love it and every old fashioned thing in it. I love it for the past, and because it belonged to our family ages ago, and because it is ours still saved from the awful flames.'

And as Mrs. Blake kissed her young penitent daughter, she felt indeed that a lesson of content had been taught that would never be forgotten as long as life remained.

The Name Upon the Window-pane.

In the old Scottish inn we met.
A motley group from every land.
Scholar and artist, peer and priest,
And many a traveller browned and tanned,
All pilgrims waiting for an hour,
Chatting in idle courtesy,
And yet amid the drifting talk
A little message came to me.

It happened thus: a restless boy
Unto the dripping window went,
Whose glass, scarred with a thousand names,
His mind to the same fancy bent.
He sought and found a vacant spot,
And took the diamond from his hand,
But 'ere a letter had been formed,
A voice accustomed to command
Cried, 'Philip, stop; before you write,
Consider well what you're about.'
Father, why should I hesitate?'
'Because you cannot rub it out.'
These words fell on my idle ear;
I said them o'er and o'er again,
And asked myself, O who would choose
All they have written to remain?
Unto a loving mother oft
We all have sent, without a doubt,
Full many a hard and careless word
That now we never can rub out;
For cruel words cut deeper far,
Than diamond on the window-pane;
And oft recalled in after years,
They wound her o'er and o'er again.

So in our daily work and life,
We write and do and say the thing,
We never can undo nor say
With any future sorrowing.
We carve ourselves on beating hearts,
Ah, then how wise to pause and doubt,
To blend with love and thought our words,
Because we cannot rub them out.

—'Harper's Weekly.'

The Rubber Tree.

When you put on a pair of overshoes, or look at a rubber tire, do you ever think of the rubber tree which gives its sap for these useful articles?

In Mexico the rubber-tree once grew wild—great forests of rubber-trees. About a hundred years ago, it is said, the Spanish Government sent a man to Mexico to study its vegetable productions, and he discovered how valuable is the juice, sap, or milk of the rubber-tree, which ever you wish to call it. The natives soon learned its value, and they used the trees up, as we have our forests, and did not think of the time when there would be no wild trees to furnish the rubber sap. Recently some men have bought land and planted rubber-trees. These trees are self-propagating—that is, they sow their own seed.

In the cultivated forests of rubber-trees, the trees are planted to grow in regular order, and the young shoots are cut down or transplanted. The method of gathering the sap is not unlike Americans gathering maple sap, and before the rubber sap is ready for market it must be boiled as our sap is to get rid of the water, and pressed into cakes. Then the cakes are packed in bags, and shipped, to manufacture the many things into which rubber enters. The milk or sap of the rubber tree is white.—'The Christian Register.'

Carlyle's 'French Revolution.'

When Carlyle had finished the second volume of 'The French Revolution,' he lent the manuscript to John Stuart Mill, who, in turn, lent it to another friend. This friend, after reading it far into the night, left it lying on his study table. The next morning the housemaid, hunting around for something to start the fire with, found the loose mass of paper, and so it went up in flames, like the French Revolution itself. When the fatal news was told to Carlyle, he was staggered by the heavy blow, and sat in despair for many days. One day, while sitting by his open window, brooding over the terrible misfortune, he happened to see across acres of roofs a man building a brick wall. Patiently the man laid brick after brick, tapping each one with his trowel as if to give it his benediction and farewell, and all the while singing as gaily as a lark. 'And in my spleen,' says Carlyle, 'I said within myself, "Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into the region of the insane?" and then I bethought me, and I said to myself, "Poor fool thou, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining. The man yonder builds a house that shall be a home, perhaps, for generations. Up, then, at thy work, and be cheerful."' So he arose and washed his face, and felt his head anointed, and went to work, and presently 'The French Revolution' got finished again. Thus the world is indebted for that powerful book to the unconscious influence of an unknown bricklayer.

A Trifle Close.

'Did I understand you to state your opinion that Cousin Peltiah Johnson was a "trifle close," Mr. Smith?'

'So I said,' answered Mr. Smith.

'Well, now, I have your idea of what a "trifle" means. But I can tell you a story that will illustrate Peltiah's generosity.

'He and his wife hadn't made their daughter Abigail any Christmas present for a number of years after she was married, and Mrs. Johnson, she couldn't stand it any longer. She begged Peltiah to get something, but the most she could prevail on him to buy was a white cup and saucer.

'It wasn't much of a cup and saucer, but Mrs. Johnson put it up and sent it over to Abigail's by Peltiah himself. He got home about ten o'clock, and his wife helped him off with his overcoat. There was something in one of the inside pockets that stuck out a little, and said she:

'"What's this, Peltiah?"

'Peltiah kind of chuckled a little, and said he, "That's the sasser."

'"Sasser?" Mrs. Johnson cried out. "You don't mean to say that you've brought that sasser of Abigail's back again?"

'"That's just what I've done," said he.

'"And what for?"

'"Wal, the cup's a pretty good present for once, I guess, an' I give 'em to understand that they'd git the sasser next year. An' that'll give 'em, ye see, somethin' to look for'ard to durin' a whole twelvemonth!"'—Selected.

'They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.'

—James Russell Lowell.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Mar. 11, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Roosevelt's Inauguration—The 'Tribune,' New York.
President Roosevelt's Inaugural Address—American Papers.
Mr. Roosevelt's Role—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
Death of Jay Cooke—His Services to His Country—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The Dominion and the Mother Country—The 'Morning Post,' London.
A Duel in the House of Commons—Mr. Chamberlain and Lord H. Cecil—The 'Manchester 'Guardian.'
Biggest Battle in Modern History—American Papers.
An Appeal from the Czar—The New York 'Evening Post.'
How Terrorists Are Made—The Confession of an Assassin—Special Correspondence of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
Luxury and Poverty—English Papers.
Mr. G. K. Chesterton with the Wesleyans at Hengler's Circus—'British Weekly.'
The Game of Billiards—After Seeing John Roberts—By P. W. W., in the 'Daily News,' London.
Work as Food and Medicine—By Newell Dwight Hillis, in the 'World,' New York.
Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford—The 'Sun,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

An American Sculptor—Dr. Tait Mackenzie and his Work—By Robert Barr, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
The Worship of Brahms—By E. A. Baughan, in the 'Outlook,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Tyrant—Poem, by Clinton Scollard.
March—From the 'Outlook,' New York.
The Signals of the Year—The 'Outlook,' London.
An Interview with Max Nordau—Idealism in Literature—By Enoch Scribe, in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' London.
Hawker of Morwenstow—The 'Daily News,' London.
Goethe on the Bible and its Inspiration—The Westminster 'Gazette.'
The Marquis of Dufferin—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Ann Radcliffe—A Forgotten Novelist—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Motion and Morals—The 'Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Heavens in March—By Winslow Upton, in the Providence 'Journal.'
Uneducated Specialists—The 'Independent,' New York.
The Pace that Kills—'American Medicine.'

THINGS NEW AND OLD.
PASSING EVENTS.

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The Candy Shop in the Woods

(By Elizabeth Flint Wade, in 'The Junior Christian Endeavor World.')

Emily had seven pennies which she was playing with on the broad sill of one of Grandmother Tuckerman's kitchen windows. She had been seven days at her grandmother's, and each morning at the breakfast-table she had found by her plate a bright, new penny; so now she had seven. First, she spread out her money and counted it; then she made a little pile of it; then she placed it in a circle; and then she tried to play jackstones with it; but when she did this the pennies fell off from her hand and rolled about the floor. It took Emily some time to find them all.

'Pennies are nice playthings; don't you think so, little Emily?' said her grandfather, who sat by the window reading.

'They're nice to buy things with,' said Emily. 'Don't you have any stores in the country, grandpa? Don't you have a candy-shop?'

'So you want a candy-shop, do you?' said grandpa, laying down his paper. 'Well, go put on your things, and come with me, and I will make you a candy-shop where you can get candy without spending any money for it.'

Emily was soon ready, for a candy-shop where one could get candy without paying for it was just the kind she had always wanted. Grandpa carried a shining auger and a bundle of short sticks. It was March, but there was very little snow on the ground except by the fences, where there were still big drifts. They went through the field till they came to a piece of woods where the trees grew tall and straight. In the very middle of the woods was a shanty built of bark.

Grandpa went first to the shanty, where in the little stove he built a fire. Then he went to a maple-tree and bored two holes in its side, and in each hole he put a stick. Next he went to the shanty and brought a clean wooden pail, which he set

EMILY LOOKED INTO ONE OF THE PAILS.

on the ground under the sticks. He went to the next maple-tree, and did the same. Emily followed him from tree to tree.

'What do you do it for?' she asked.

'This is the beginning of our candy-shop,' he said, and Emily thought it was the queerest candy-shop she had ever seen.

When grandpa had used all his sticks, they went to the shanty; and, while Emily sat on a little bench by the stove, grandpa rolled some big sticks between two poles which were stuck in the ground, and he put some smaller sticks and shavings by the big sticks.

'And now, Emily,' he said, 'we have begun our candy-shop, and we will go home and come again after dinner.'

Though Emily asked many questions, grandpa would not tell her what kind of a candy-store he was making.

'Wait and see,' he said. 'Wait and see.'

It seemed a long time to wait till after dinner; but it was over at last, and, when they were ready to start, Uncle John said he would go too, for the work would be too hard for grandpa to do alone.

When they reached the woods, Emily looked into one of the pails.

'Why, grandpa,' she cried, 'this pail is half full of water, and it's running right out of the tree.'

'Taste of it,' said grandpa, and Emily put her finger in the pail, and found the 'water' was very sweet.

She thought her grandfather had put sugar in the pails, but he told her that what she called water was the juice of the maple-tree, and its name was sap. Uncle John now came with large pails, and emptied the sap from the smaller pails, and took it to the shanty. Then he hung a large iron kettle on a pole, put the ends of the stick on the poles where grandpa had built the fire, poured the sap into the kettle, and lighted the fire; and very soon the sap was bubbling and boiling. Emily did not ask any questions; she was 'waiting to see' what would happen.

By and by Emily's grandmother came, bringing with her a small kettle and a basket full of little tins of all sorts and shapes. There were a heart, and a star, and a crescent, and a square, and a round, and a triangle, and one tin like a fish, one like a bird, one like a little rabbit, and one like a rose. Grandmother dipped some of the boiling sap from the kettle, and put it into her little kettle which she set on the stove. When it had boiled awhile, she said,

'Now, little Emily take this basin, and go over to that big snow-drift by the fence, and bring me some clean snow.'

Away ran Emily and soon was back with a basin full of clean, white snow. Grandmother smoothed it off, and patted it down hard with a wide, flat ladle, then took a spoon-

ful of the sap from her kettle, and dropped some of it here and there in the snow. The snow melted in little hollows, and at the bottom of each little hollow was a round reddish ball. Grandpa gave Emily a clean piece of stick, which he had whittled to a sharp point, and told her to dig out one of the balls. She did so, and when it came out Emily popped it into her mouth, and how good it did taste!

'Oh, what is it? what is it?' she cried. 'It's better than any candy that I ever bought, truly sure, it is.'

'When I was a boy,' said grandpa, 'we used to call it maple 'Jack-wax.' I'll show you how to make maple 'Jack-wax' nuts.'

He gave Emily some butternut-meats, told her to drop some of the boiling syrup into the snow, put a butternut-meat on top of it, and cover it with more of the syrup. She did so, and when she picked it up on her stick there was the nut-meat covered with 'Jack-wax.' This new candy Emily thought was better even than the plain 'Jack-wax.'

Grandmother now called Emily, for the syrup was ready to 'sugar off'; that is, it was ready to turn into sugar. She filled a little pitcher with the syrup, and told Emily to turn some into each of the little tins which were set on the table. When the sugar in the tins was quite hard and cold, grandmother took it out and gave it to Emily. The cakes of sugar were like the tins in which they had been moulded, and Emily was delighted to find herself the owner of pretty brown maple candies of many shapes and sizes.

'O grandpa,' she said, as she skipped along by his side on their way home to supper, 'I think a candy-shop in the woods is better than all the candy-shops in the city.'

A Nursery Echo.

'Mother,' said George, 'we had a nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle John's. Do you know that there is an echo behind the barn? I wish we had one here.'

'Well, so we have,' said the mother.

'This house is full of echoes.'

'Is it?' said George. 'Where must I stand to make my voice come back to me?'

'Anywhere you choose; but I think the nursery is the best place.'

Off ran George delighted; but as he entered the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite and was proceeding to fly it.

'Put that kite down,' he cried angrily; 'you will break it to pieces, you bad boy!'

'Bad boy! bad boy!' shouted the baby, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

'I think you found your echo sooner than you expected,' she said, soberly, when peace was restored, and George hung his head.

'Oh, is that what you mean, mother?' he asked.

'Yes,' she replied; 'that is what I mean. Just as the echo behind the barn sent back your tones and manner. I think if you will remember this, it will make you very careful how you speak.'

Later in the day, George was playing stage coach with the little children, and with his shouting and his trumpet setting the nurse almost crazy. 'I wish,' she cried out, angrily, 'that you would go downstairs; you are such a noisy, horrid boy.'

'You are a horrid old thing yourself,' he shouted back, and then suddenly he began to laugh.

'Why, he said, 'I was an echo myself that time,' and as mother came in just then, they had another little talk about echoes, and both George and the nurse determined to try to make some pleasant ones before the day was over.

When Baby Ned's supper came upstairs, he was cross, and would not drink his milk, and said that his bread was 'sour.'

'George,' said his mother, 'now is your chance,' and George ran into the room and was so funny and bright with the baby that in a few minutes he was in high humor, and as mother listened she could not tell which was the laugh and which was the echo.—'The Parish Visitor.'

The Real Discoverers.

Uncle Robert had been explaining how messages could be sent back and forth between two far-apart places without any wires at all—just telegraphed right through plain air! It was certainly very surprising! Morry and Paine went out on the doorsteps to talk it over.

'No, nothing but great tall poles at the places where you send them and get them—the messages, I mean. You send them straight through nothing!'

'He said you set little waves moving in the air and they go all the way across to the other place.'

'Yes,' Uncle Robert's voice said. 'And I really think the bunnies discovered it.'

'Our bunnies?'

'No, not ours, but their great-great-great-grandfathers — oh, a great many greats!—way back to the first bunny family that ever was. They were the ones that discovered wireless telegraphy. I think they ought to have the honor. If there's a splendid statue ever made, I think it ought to have a big cottontail bunny on top of it!'

'Oh!' laughed both small boys at once, 'tell us why, Uncle Robert! My, a statue to bunnies!'

'Well, in the bunny family, when there is any danger from an enemy—and the poor little wild bunnies are surrounded by enemies on every side—the different members of the family telegraph a warning to each other.

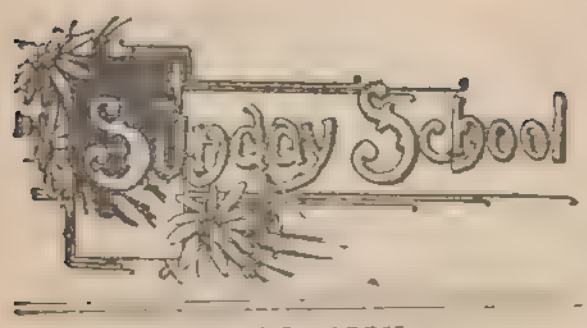
'"Run! There's an enemy coming!" they telegraph, and all the bunny boys and bunny girls and the grown-up bunnies that get the message go scurrying, hurrying into their holes. I tell you, they don't wait a minute. The messages go a good many hundred feet sometimes.'

'Through nothing, Uncle Robert—I mean air? Do they send them through the air?'

'No, through the ground. They stamp on the ground very hard with their strong little hind legs when they are alarmed. And they do it on purpose to warn the rest of the family at a distance.

'"Run! Run! Run for your lives!" The little message is carried through the ground much as our wireless messages are through the air. Little sound-waves are set in motion, one after another.'

'Well,' breathed Morry, 'come on, Paine, let's go out and honor the discoverers' great-great-grandbunnies in our backyard!'—A. H. Donnell, in 'Youth's Companion.'



LESSON I.—APRIL 2.

Jesus the Good Shepherd.

John x., 7-18.

Golden Text.

I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. John x., 11.

Commit verses 17, 18.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 27.—John x., 1-18.
Tuesday, March 28.—John x., 22-30.
Wednesday, March 29.—Ps. xxiii.
Thursday, March 30.—Jer. xxiii., 1-8.
Friday, March 31.—Ezek. xxxiv., 1-10.
Saturday, April 1.—Ezek. xxxiv., 11-19.
Sunday, April 2.—Ezek. xxxiv., 20-31.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Jesus had lately used those indispensables, 'light' and 'water,' as emblems of his office and function. He now employs a new figure, almost as familiar, for the Hebrews were always a pastoral folk. This, with the story of the Vine and Branches (chapter xv.) is said to be the only instance of allegory in the New Testament.

The Jewish Church had grown into a great ecclesiastical establishment, furnishing numerous offices of honor, power, and emolument. These were naturally sought by the ambitious, and held tenaciously by the successful. One object of this allegory is to set forth the character of these mercenaries. Like thieves, they have effected an entrance in such a way that their true character has not been discovered. But, though they have obtained the garb of office, they do not have the following of the true members. The latter, instead of following, flee, and do not hear them. The character of these false shepherds is further delineated. They work havoc in the highest interests of men. They steal, kill and destroy in the realm of spiritual values. Their purely mercenary spirit is indicated by the epithet, 'hireling.' In any final crisis, when the very life of those whom they serve is at stake, they would fly like arrant cowards. Thus, with steady and courageous hand, Jesus held the mirror before the hierarchy of his day.

On the dark background of the false shepherd Jesus now projects the ideal of the true. He is one who enters upon his function in the appointed way. The Holy Spirit (the porter) approves; the Church recognizes him (the sheep hear his voice). His life is spent in care of the flock; he calleth, leadeth, putteth forth, goeth before.

Jesus makes a decided turn in the allegory when he declares himself to be 'the Door.' Entrance to the Church is by the Person and work of Jesus. As the Eastern sheepfold has but one door, so the Church has none other than Christ. 'There is none other name under heaven given among men.' Through him we come to salvation and spiritual sustenance (find pasture) and the more abundant life.

Again, there are shepherds and shepherds, but Jesus is pre-eminently the Shepherd. The evidence of this is His voluntary surrender of life and the reciprocal and perfect recognition subsisting between shepherd and sheep—analogous to that which maintains between Father and Son.

Finally, Jesus bursts the shell of Jewish sectarianism in the generous and courageous words, 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.' It was a hint of this kind which had led these sectarists, on a former occasion, to ask scornfully, 'Will he go and teach the Gentiles?' Alas! how they did 'dissolve the pearl of charity in the acid of sect.' The 'one Shepherd' exalts persons above institutions, when he says there shall be 'one flock,' not 'one fold,' as in the Authorized Version, which gives precisely the opposite sense. The reference is to the invisible Church, made up of the faithful of every age and land.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

The division of chapters is arbitrary, and, in this instance, unfortunate. One must look in the closing verses of the preceding chapter to find the circumstances which led to the speaking of this allegory. Jesus had said that he had come for judgment; that those who saw not might see, and that those who saw might be made blind. The official pride of the leaders was touched by that saying. To parry his blow, they cried, 'Are we blind also?' As if such a thing was impossible and even unthinkable. Jesus practically said, in response, 'I will now hold up the mirror and show you what kind of shepherds you are.' His merciful purpose was to awaken some of the best to self-knowledge and healing.

Every one who enters by this door (Christ) is saved and becomes in turn a minister of grace to others (a shepherd, not the Shepherd, as in Authorized Version). The pattern is Jesus. Every good shepherd lives for the flock.

He who, shunning the door, climbs up from some other quarter by that very act reveals his dishonest character and unworthy purpose.

'To steal' and 'to have life.' The contrast is that of the false and the true religion. Phariseeism and ecclesiasticism fleece and kill. They have always done so everywhere and by whatever name they have been known. But true religion always gives the present life a more abundant development. 'Whatever form of religion tends to deprive mankind of its free, natural, and joyous life is anti-Christian. The constant tendency of Christ's teaching and influence is to make the whole life—social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—more abundant.'

'Lay down life, take it again.' The mother lays down her life in the birth and rearing of every child. She takes life again in the matured manhood or womanhood of her offspring. The analogy maintains in the suffering and sacrifice of Jesus. He voluntarily surrendered his life. No one took it. Now, with joy, he 'sees his seed,' his spiritual offspring, and prolongs his days in them, as the prophet said he would. (Isa. liii.)

'They understood not.' How their worship of the letter had destroyed all commerce between their minds and the relations which it set forth! 'The sheep did not hear them.' It is the preachers of Christ who alone have secured the world's attention. 'And shall be safe.' The extent and assurance of this safety are expressed in the parable, 'Go in and out.' An Hebraistic phrase to denote the whole of life. 'The hireling'; not every one who is hired is a hireling, but he who serves only for hire. 'He goeth before them;' Jesus tests in his own Person the experiences of his disciples. 'The other sheep also shall hear Jesus' voice.' They have already heard fragments of his teaching through their noblest fellows, but they shall now have his doctrine entire.

NOTES FROM COMMENTARIES.

I am: The central point of the whole is the Lord's testimony to himself as the Good Shepherd in the highest sense of the word. First, however, he speaks preparatorily (1-6) concerning human shepherds generally, anticipating and preparing the way for what follows. —Stier. The door. The way into the fold, with all blessed privileges, both for shepherds and sheep.—J. F. B. Came before me. Came instead of me.—Clark. A bishop means a person who sees. A pastor means one who feeds. The most unbishoply character a man can have is, therefore, to be blind. The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed.—to be a mouth.—Ruskin. Sheep did not hear: Instincts of their Divinely taught hearts preserving them from seducers.—J. F. B. Shall be saved: The great object of the pastoral office.—J. F. B. Go in and out: A Hebrew phrase, indicating all the acts of a man's life. —Clark. Steal, kill, destroy: Those who enter the priesthood to enjoy the revenues, are vilest thieves and murderers.—Ibid. Might have life: Not merely to preserve, but impart, life and communicate it in exuberance.—J. F. B. More abundantly: Jesus is come, that men may have abundance.—Clark. A hireling: Who makes merchandise.—Clark. The shepherd in the East is usually the owner or the son of the owner of the flock, though sometimes an agent, whose salary is a fixed proportion of the produce, as Jacob under Laban. The hireling is the man who happens to be hired for fixed wages, merely for the day, and has no further interest in the flock.—Tristram. The sheep are not: Who has no property in them. By this he points to his own peculiar relation to the sheep.—J. F. B. The wolf coming: Not the devil distinctively, but generally whoever comes upon the flock with hostile intent.—J. F. B. The wolf is the enemy of souls in any of his manifold disguises, as not only persecution, but heresy, worldly living, or a low standard of faith and morals.—Sadler. Am known of Mine: The soul's response to the voice that has inwardly called it.—J. F. B. Other sheep: He means the perishing Gentiles.—Ibid. Came before me: Came instead of me.—Clark. Do not imagine I shall lay down my life for the Jews exclusively. I shall die also for Gentiles. —Ibid.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 2.—Topic—The making of a Christian: his food. II. Tim. iii., 14-17; John vi., 47-58. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

LED BY A CLOUD.

Monday, March 27.—God that brought them forth. Ex. xxix., 45, 46.

Tuesday, March 28.—The cloud over the tent. Num. ix., 15-23.

Wednesday, March 29.—The cloud of the Lord. Num. x., 33-36.

Thursday, March 30.—By day and by night. Psalms lxxviii., 14.

Friday, March 31.—The Lord that leadeth. Isa. xlviii., 17, 18.

Saturday, April 1.—I will guide thee. Ps. xxxii., 8.

Sunday, April 2.—Topic—Led by a cloud. Ex. xl., 34-38.

Jamie's Blackboard Lesson.

(Phil O'Math, in the 'S. S. Teacher.')

'Papa,' said Jamie, 'please let me take your pencil.'

'What do you wish to do with my pencil?'

'I want to draw something.'

Jamie took a piece of paper and drew on it some arrows, saying—

'These are Satan's arrows.'

'What do you call those arrows?' said his papa.

'I call this one "mad" and this one "fight."'

In a little while Jamie's little sister entered the room and managed to annoy him very much by her naughtiness, and attempted to fight him.

'Ah,' said Jamie, 'that is one of Satan's arrows.'

The little exhortation that followed led Maybelle to put her chubby little arms about her brother's neck and to imprint a kiss on his cheek. Jamie approvingly answered—

'That is one of Jesus' arrows.'

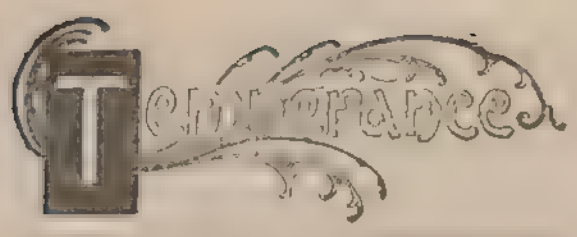
The father looked on in astonishment, mingled with gratitude. But a few hours before he had given the Sunday-school a blackboard review on 'Confidence in God,' in which he had used arrows to represent the darts of the enemy of souls. He hardly thought that the smaller children were so much impressed by it, but this little incident proved to him that even the little children heard and remembered what he had said.

I give this incident for two reasons: first, for the encouragement of modest, timid, but honest workers with children; secondly, to impress the importance and responsibility of all those who are charged with sowing seed into child-minds.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.



'The Moderation.'

(B. E. Slade, in the 'Alliance News.')

(Concluded.)

A woman's laugh has sent many a man to ruin, and his sister's thoughtless disapproval of his pledge struck the first blow at poor Bill's reformation. It had a good many blows that day, and, unfortunately, it was not strong enough to bear the shock. And somehow Jacob's half-formed resolution shrank into the background when, in the evening, he and Bill, Joe and Sally, helped to swell a considerable number assembled in the pleasant court of 'The Moderation.' He grew more excited than was his wont, and though he was sober enough to feel a little uneasiness when Bill was being laughed into taking 'just a swig for the sake of old times,' he soon forgot his fears, as the effects of the drink he had taken himself began to mount to his brain.

The jolly old moderate drinker upon the signboard looked down upon a jovial party that lovely summer evening, but it is to be feared he saw few re-productions of himself. Poor Bill's attempt at following his example, at any rate, had been a failure, and when at last the two brothers tore themselves away from the congenial company, it was Jacob who had to take the reins.

'I hope they'll get home safe,' said the landlady, as they drove off. 'But he ain't none too fit to drive.'

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Beverley had grown uneasy. It was late—past ten o'clock—an unheard of hour for anyone in that quiet place to be astir; but she was in the road, straining her ears to catch the first sound of the wheels. Her cottage door was open, and a faint stream of light poured out, not from the rushlight which burnt dimly upon the table, but from a cheerful little wood fire which was 'keeping the kettle boiling,' as she would have said.

'I hope nothin' ain't happened,' she said to herself, 'they've got the old grey mare, and she's as stiddy as a hoss could be, so that I shouldn't think they'll have a' accident; but then, a body never knows.'

Ah, at last they were coming! Trot, trot, trot, at a chambling, even pace, she heard the feet of the trustworthy mare. But she was not coming in the direction of the cottage, the sound proceeded from a neighboring lane.

'They be a-goin' to the farm wi' the hoss,' said she; 'I'll jest run across and see Bill, and give 'un a bit o' that lardy cake I baked the other day; that little 'un as ain't well 'ud be very likely to fancy a bit o' that.'

There was a short cut to the farm across the fields, and Mrs. Beverley reached it almost as soon as the horse and cart did. The gate was shut, and the mare had brought herself up close to it, and was looking round expectantly for someone to come and admit her. But all the windows were dark, and there was no sign of life about the place. Where were Bill and Jacob? Mrs. Beverley's heart beat fast with fear, but she hurried up to the cart, in which she thought she caught a glimpse of something dark. And there, huddled together at the bottom of the spacious vehicle, were the two brothers fast asleep. 'It was a mercy they didn't fall out,' Mrs. Beverley said afterwards, and she patted the old grey mare affectionately for having the sagacity to bring them home. Fortunately the reins had been caught in Jacob's feet, so that they had not fallen about her heels to startle her.

Mrs. Beverley was alarmed enough, however, for her first thought was that her husband must have been seized with a fit; but to her great relief, upon awakening him, he became quite conscious, and was presently able, with her assistance, to alight from the cart. With Bill it was otherwise; he had been so thoroughly intoxicated that it was impossible to arouse him, and they had to take him home in the cart. The grey mare allowed Mrs. Beverley to lead her off, though a little reluctantly, and they somehow managed to get Bill indoors and on his bed; but the look of disappointment and despair on the face of his poor wife was sad to see.

As for Mrs. Jacob, there was more in her grim silence than in a storm of words. And somehow, her husband did not care to talk. She went with him back to the farm, and helped to unharness the mare and establish her in her snug quarters for the night, and it was she who carried in the stable key to the rather ungracious servant who was waiting for it, half asleep, in the kitchen.

'They stayed a bit later than they meant to,' was all the apology she was able to give, and then she hurried her husband home. The fire had burnt out, and was not replenished, and the cosy little supper she had laid out was put away untouched. Jacob did not want food; he was only too thankful to slink meekly away to bed.

'I shall catch it to-morrow,' said he to himself. And so he did. Mrs. Beverley was not a scold; few people took the faults of others with more equanimity as a rule; but when she was once aroused, she could use her 'woman's weapon' as effectively as those who had more practice in the art, and she talked to such good purpose that at the very next meeting of the Temperance Society, Jacob renounced his last chance of emulating the jovial moderate drinker, and threw in his lot with the water drinkers. But Bill could not be persuaded to follow his example. He pretended that the sign at 'The Moderation' was responsible for his relapse into drinking. He couldn't get it out of his head, he said, and he saw plainly enough that the teetotallers were in the wrong of it, after all. He'd never felt to say himself while he went without the drink, and he hadn't the least doubt that if he'd kept on with his 'teetotaling' he would soon have been in as sad a condition as the water-drinker upon the sign-board. As to getting as bad as the other—why, he'd take care not to do that. Because he'd had one slip, 'twas no reason why he should have another. He meant to be a jolly moderate drinker, and nobody should persuade him to sign the pledge again.

But Jacob knew that the real fact was, Bill's appetite had been re-awakened, and he was not surprised at the miserable result that followed. There were many anxious years, in which brief periods of moderate drinking alternated with fits of intemperance, as in the olden days, and Mrs. Jacob's 'old stocking' did not fill so rapidly as it might otherwise have done, so many demands were made upon their generosity by the necessities of poor Bill's family.

And then there came one gloomy morning which brought a cloud to Jacob's life that would never be lifted. He was summoned to the village public-house to identify the body of his brother, who had been picked up in a ditch during the night. Poor Jacob went to his home with the cry of Cain upon his lips:

'My punishment is greater than I can bear.'

* * * * * * * *

Bill's children, to the joy of their mother, grew up teetotallers; and some of his grandchildren remember 'old Uncle Jacob,' and how he used to tell them, with tears in his eyes, that he would gladly give up every penny he had, and go into the workhouse, if he could buy back that bright summer day when he and his brother put up the old grey mare at 'The Moderation.'

Drink and Crime.

The following letter from a country vicar in one of the Midland counties of England to the editor of 'The Christian' gives a striking picture of the misery wrought by the drink traffic in one small village, and of the persistence and energy on the part of its promoters that temperance people have to fight. It is, as it were, a miniature of the whole situation:—

Dear Sir,—It is not many months since a policeman was murdered outside my churchyard gate. You may remember that the two young men who were hanged for the crime commissioned me to deliver their farewell messages to the people. Those messages consisted of a solemn warning against the drink.

As I write, another of my parishioners—a young man—is taking his trial for stabbing his brother when under the influence of drink. Only a month or so ago I was called upon to bury another who (once a regular attendant at church) committed suicide through drink.

Ours is a vilage of some 3,000 inhabitants, and fifteen drink shops and a brewery are planted in its midst. When I started open-air work here, the Trade arrayed itself in opposition. Brewers' drays appeared at my meetings, laden with barrels of beer, which was served out gratis to the crowd. One man informed me on his deathbed that he and others were taken into a public-house by a member of the Trade, and supplied with whiskey mixed with gin, after which they were sent out to disturb meetings. Piano-organs were hired for the same purpose. There lies before me as I write the original notice, written on brewery paper, which the town-crier 'called' through the village. It was a notice announcing a petition to the Bishop for the purpose of stopping my meetings. Needless to say, the petition was unsuccessful.

A. G. TOWNSHEND.

Sixty Thousand Victims.

In the course of an address at the Denver C. E. convention, Dr. Wilson, of Hamilton, Ont., compared the great nations of the world in respect to their annual consumption of liquor.

Dr. Wilson said that the relative amount of liquor consumed yearly by the great nations of the world was France first, Italy next, then Germany and Austria. The United States stood fifteenth on the list, yet the drink bill of the United States last year was $1,500,000,000.

The continued prosperity of even this great and growing republic was imperiled, said Dr. Wilson.

'The saloon everywhere is a curse—in London, Paris, Berlin, Glasgow, Boston, Washington, Toronto and Denver it is the same,' he continued. 'It is the Gibraltar of greed, the Jericho of lust and crime, the slaughter house of character and health. It is the sewer pipe of misery and despair, a mighty tyrant, a menace to freedom, purity and prosperity, the birthplace of paupers and criminals, the very fountain head of blasphemy, brutality and anarchy.'

'Sixty thousand boys in this republic every year become moderate drinkers, and 60,000 moderate drinkers become confirmed drunkards, and 60,000 confirmed drunkards pass into a state of hopeless despair.'

Fathers and mothers, can you realize it? From whose homes have these boys come in the past? From whose homes will they come in the future? Will it be from yours?

A Public-house Keeper's Lark.

Two young men of dissipated habits usually spent their evenings at a low public-house. One night they were so intoxicated that at turning-out time they both rolled into the gutter. The landlady said to the rest of the company, 'I'll have a lark with them.' So she pinned a piece of blue ribbon to each of their coats. After a while the two men stumbled to their feet, and managed to find their way home, but were too drowsy to undress; so they threw themselves down as they were, without undressing. When they awoke in the morning, they were sober, and stared at each other in amazement as they saw the blue ribbon. But how it came there was a mystery. 'Well,' said one, 'if you will stick to it, I will'; and the other said, 'If you will, I will.' They kept to their agreement, and forthwith joined the temperance society. In the meantime, the landlady wondered what had become of her two customers, until some time after she saw them passing. She eagerly invited them in, but they, pointing to the blue ribbon, said, 'No, thank you; we've joined the blue ribbon now.' 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'it was me that put it on; I only did it for a lark.' 'Oh, did you?' said they. 'Well, if you put it on for a lark, we mean to keep it on for a lark. Good morning.'—'London Christian Herald.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance

Correspondence

Jarlsberg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We had a chicadee last winter and it would come into the kitchen and eat crumbs; but when the crows came he disappeared. Last winter my brother and I drew wood with a young steer; this winter we have two steers, and my brothers yoke them up and take us for a ride nearly every day. We live a mile and a half from the village. Our school is not open in the winter. We are having stormy weather.

DOROTHY H. (aged 10).

East Bridgewater, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I am in the third grade. I go to school every day. My papa has taken the 'Messenger' five months, and I read it and like it very much. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. I have two brothers, but no sisters. I have no pets. MARION MacL.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I go to a private school, and I am in the fourth reader. I like my teacher very much. I went to Harbour Grace to spend my Christmas holidays with my uncle and grandpa, my grandpa is ninety-four years of age and is very smart. I had lots of driving when I was there. They have two horses. One is a very fast trotter. I had a nice drive to Carbonear, and spent a very pleasant afternoon there. It is a nice flourishing town. At one time it was the largest commercial town in the island, though it never was considered a safe harbor, being open to the southeast wind and sea. LIZZIE W.

Earl W. T. (age 11), Victoria Co., N.B.

Phoebe W. (age 14), Ballston Lake, N.B.

Lower Meaghers Grant, Halifax County.

Dear Editor,—This is the first year I have taken your paper, but a neighbor lent it to me before, and I always liked it. I live very near a lake, which is about a mile long. We have skating on it in the winter and boating in the summer. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from a girl whose first name is the same as mine. I liked Gladys J.'s letter very much. For pets I have a cat, and if you call dolls pets, I have five of them. Is not that quite enough? MARGUERITE P. L.

Smith's Falls, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is a pretty place in the summer. The Rideau River and Canal run through the town. I like to watch the big boats going through the locks. There are four schools here, one high school and three public schools. I can't write much of what I see on my way to school, as the school is only about a block from my home. A year's subscription to the 'Messenger' was one of my Christmas presents. Papa takes the 'Daily Witness' and the 'World Wide.'

MURIEL J. S. (aged 9).

Elgin, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm on a hill, and I have great fun coasting. We have thirty head of cattle, and my brother and I feed and water the cattle at one barn. We are milking ten cows now. I have three sisters and one brother. I got a present of a book on Christmas. It is called 'Robinson Crusoe.' I never wrote a letter with pen and ink before.

CHARLIE H. (aged 10).

Somerset, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like the Correspondence Page very much, but when I get my 'Messenger' I always turn to the Little Folks' Page first. I think the stories are fine. I am a little boy eight years of age, and live on a farm of about eighty-five acres, situated in the land of Evangeline, six miles from the Bay of Fundy, where we often go in the summer, and have lots of fun. I have one brother ten years old, and a little sister four years old.

PHILIP S. I.

Manchester, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I wrote one once and put the wrong address, but I hope this will reach you. I am thirteen years old and in the fourth book at school. I hope to try the entrance examination next year if nothing happens. I wonder if anybody can do this: Name eleven things

'Luncheon.'

that cannot be bought; also give five names in the Bible in a sentence? We have a lot of snow here this winter, and the roads now are all blocked up. It is still snowing and blowing some to-day. My father is a farmer, and we have sixteen head of cows, four horses, and many other things. My sister and I might send some drawings. MILDRED L. S. (age 13).

Bay Centre, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I live on the farm. We have two hundred acres. I have two pets. One is a canary bird called Sweet. When he wants to come out he stands at the side of his cage and chirps to me. The other is a little gray kitten called Tootsy. She will lie on my shoulders while I sweep. We have three cats. One is about three years old, and the other about twelve years old; mine is not a year old yet. Our pet dog is about eleven years old. My brother brought him home from Nitche in his overcoat pocket. In the harvest-time my sister and I milk all our five cows. I go to school in the summer time. I am in the fifth grade. Sometimes I sit with Minnie F., and other times I sit with Minnie H. We all of us ride horseback over to Mr. I.'s to water our horses every noon. F. I. B. (aged 14).

Elgin, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I milked five cows this morning. My cat's name is Davie. Mamma brought her home in a paper bag when she was a kitten because the storekeeper was going to kill her. Papa is reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for us in the evenings. Papa has taken the 'Witness' for over twelve years. MARY H.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have been going to a private school for some time, but where I live, being out of town, it is sometimes so bleak that I find it hard to be regular in attendance. There are only eight of us at school; we have great fun, sometimes between our lessons. I do not go in the afternoon. I have only two sisters older than myself. I practice my music every afternoon, and then go skating and sliding. NELLIE K.

Dashwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There are two stores in the town now. There used to be three but one night one was burned down. It was one father had been in for twenty years. The population is about six hundred. I go to school every day through all kinds of weather. We have a new teacher. VIOLET G.

Tracy, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year. My grandpa sent it to me. My home is in Tracy, Minn. I am ten years old, and am in the fifth grade in school. When I was born I lived on a large farm. When I was six years old my sister Martha and I went to school in a little white schoolhouse about three miles from home. Martha and I would hitch Old John, our horse, to a cutter and go to the schoolhouse. As we went over a bridge about a mile from the schoolhouse, we would see little cotton tails' tracks and sometimes we would hear little snow birds singing. When I was seven we moved to town, and about a month after I began to go to the kindergarten, and have been going to school ever since.

GERTRUDE M.

New Cornwall, Lunenburg Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and I have only a little way to go. I like my teacher very much. There are thirty-one pupils going to school. I have a pet cat named Dickey, and a dog named Carlo, two pigs, one horse, two cows and five calves. I take the 'Messenger' and have done so for a few years now, and I like it very much. ALBERTHA M. E.

Dear Editor,—I think I will tell you about my trip to Kingston this summer on a small yacht. We left here Thursday night we went down to Wapous and lay there all night. We started for Kingston, and arrived there about four o'clock. I went to my aunt's, and stayed there till Saturday night. H. E. C.

Upper Magaguadavic, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am very much interested in the 'Messenger,' and always read the Correspondence Page. I have never written to the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would like to write. I live about a mile from Magaguadavic Lake. It is very pretty. We go out boat-sailing in the summer, fishing in the spring, and skating in the winter. There are quite a few islands in it, and there are three islands that have summer cottages on them. I have three brothers and four sisters living. We have not got a school teacher yet, and it is quite lonesome. There are two churches here, one Presbyterian and one Church of England. I live five miles from a station. One day papa was going down to the station early in the morning and found a man almost frozen. He put him in the sleigh and took him down to the station and got him brought to life again. He thought he had starter to walk from the station and got lost in the storm. I hope my letter is not too long. I am twelve years of age.

MURIEL I. H.

'The Infant Moses.' Guy K. M. (age 13), Cornwall, Ont.

'A Rose.' Muriel I. H. (age 12) Upper Magaguadavic, N.B.

Manitoulin Island, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter to-night, as I have never written before. I am thirteen years old. I go to school every day, a distance of two miles. I am in the fourth reader. My favorite study is history. I have two brothers and one sister. I read in some of the letters about trips some of the boys and girls have had. I had a trip last summer to Toronto. I went with my grandma. My father took us to Manitowaning, which is twenty-five miles from our home. There we boarded the steamer 'Windsor' and went to Collingwood. The boat being delayed, we missed the morning train, and had to wait about three hours for another one. When we got on the train we found we had to change at Allandale. We waited there about two hours, when we got a train for Newmarket. There we had our tea and then took the electric car as far as Newton Brook to the Rev. A. P. B.'s, who is my uncle. Newton Brook is seven miles out of the city of Toronto. I stayed there most of my time. I also visited at my auntie's in the city. My cousin, who is a Sunday-school teacher, took me to see the boys' and girls' homes. It amused me to hear some of the boys' opinions of the farmer. Some said that the farmer slept all the winter, and others that the farmer 'done' nothing in the summer except at seeding and harvesting times. I have a different opinion, as my father is a farmer, and I think he is kept busy the year round. I went to Riverdale Park in Toronto, and saw all the different kinds of animals and birds. I was also at T. Eaton's and Simpson's. I had my dinner at Simpson's twice, and at Eaton's once. I had rides in the elevators from one floor to the other. We started for home on Nov. 1. We took the steamer 'Majestic,' and had a lovely trip. It is a fine large boat. When we arrived at Manitowaning papa was there and met us. I must say that I would rather live on the Island than in the city of Toronto.

LIZZIE S.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

HOUSEHOLD.

What She Could.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

She had no gold or silver,
Not a copper coin to spare,
A little kitchen maid who served
In a house beyond compare,
And sang about her daily toil
Far down below the stair.

But a woman heavy-hearted,
Beneath her gems and lace,
One day beheld the sunshine
Illume that lowly place,
And went her way the stronger
For the maiden's happy face.

Dold's Windows.

'Jesus bids us shine,
You in your small corner,
I in mine.'

sang Marcia Lain one stormy evening, as she came down the stairway to look into the parlor for a desired book.

The fire in the grate burned feebly. Marcia stirred it into a bright blaze, lighted the lamp, still singing softly, not seeing Master George Lain, until he good-naturedly grumbled, 'Why don't you shine in this corner, Sis? It needs lighting up. I've been waiting half an hour for the rain to slack. Promised to meet the boys at Dold's windows at eight.'

'Dold's,' thought Marcia; 'I wonder what style of boys George meets there.'

Nobody had thought of fourteen-year-old Georgie finding the evening at home dull and lonely, as special care had been taken by all those who loved him to surround him with treasures and pleasures dear to boyish hearts.

But Georgie loved companionship, and his father and mother were busy, unselfish people. Marcia, sixteen, studious and ambitious, was also a social favorite. For Mr. and Mrs. Lain and their brilliant daughter there were too few working hours in each day.

'Who are the fellows, George?' inquired Marcia.

'Oh, Marsh Beck and Dick May. I wish you could hear them sing duets. Dold likes to have them sing in his place. I never go inside, for I can hear without going in. Dold treats 'em to candy and oysters and they all share with me,' replied George.

A wise Marcia, she steadied her voice as she asked, 'Where do you go after leaving Dold's?'

'Oh, to some restaurant. We get home early, and I never go only when you are all out. It's no use trying, Sis, I can't hold the fort alone. Of course Cook is here, but she doesn't count. You've made this room most as bright as Dold's, and his windows always shine; never miss one night.'

'Play something lively, please, before you go upstairs,' said George, opening the piano.

As Marcia played, she resolved that George should not meet the 'fellows' that evening. He was persuaded to try a duet, which was changed into a quartette when Mr. and Mrs. Lain came into the parlor, being storm-bound and unable to keep their engagement.

During the evening, Mr. Lain contributed some stories taken from his own boyhood's adventures, and Mrs. Lain read for an audience of three.

Reluctantly, when the clock struck the hour for retiring, George rose to go to his own room, saying, 'Mamma, did you know that Sis can shine like a diamond when she chooses to do so? I was thinking this room the darkest and most lonesome I ever saw, until she came in and began her shining. It's nice to have a popular sister, one that is invited everywhere, but we'd like to have her at home once in a while.'

'Papa, Mamma,' said Marcia, after George had gone, 'I have just discovered that I am vain and selfish. It will surprise you to learn that Georgie has been spending many evenings with the Marsh Beck set. They play the mandolin and sing at Dold's for money and treats. Dold's is the best patronized saloon in the town. No, Georgie doesn't go inside. He just stands outside and waits—waits until the boys come out. It is loneliness that takes him away from home.

'In my eagerness to make the very most of my opportunities, I've forgotten that my only brother has grown too large to be sent to bed early. I have not tried to include him in my work, duties or pleasures so much enjoyed in my selfish self. I love study, but I have been a bit vain when teachers have commended my progress. I, too, have thought it nice to be popular, to have people want me, when arranging literary and musical programmes, for the prominent parts, if a particularly nice entertainment is to be given by our society. I've wanted to shine, and thought I was trying to shine for him, but I had almost forgotten the home lighting-up until George made me see that my own little corner was dark. I knew that you would be at home to-night, and I thought I'd run into the parlor and light the lamp before going to my room. I intended studying two hours, for I've been out so many evenings, helping with fetes and festivals this last month, that I need to study extra hours. I found George waiting for the storm to slack that he might go to Dold's.'

Mrs. Lain said, brokenly, 'It is hard to think of Georgie, my baby, being old enough to leave his own home—'

'For Dold's saloon,' said Mr. Lain, sadly. 'Miriam, we have not realized that our little lad had outgrown the nursery. What are we going to do with our fun-loving, restless boy?'

'Papa,' said Marcia, dashing away the tear-drops from her eyes, 'Marshall Beck's and Dick May's sisters are sweet, good girls. We must get acquainted with their brothers and include them in our good times. When obliged to study in the evenings, I shall bring my books into the parlor, and in time George will like to study with me. I haven't always been patient with him when he was noisy and wanted a little fun, but Dold's windows shall not dazzle my only brother into visiting that vile den.'

Upon the next evening the sleet fell and the winds blew, but the Lain parlor was neither cold nor dark. As Marcia said, 'It was a splendid evening for planning future work and good times.'

The very next day a trio of sisters held a secret meeting and consultation, resulting in the signing of this pledge:

'We, the sisters of brothers do hereby pledge ourselves to get acquainted with all that is good in our brothers, our purpose being to help them keep their eyes firmly fixed upon the light of the world, which is Jesus. With the help of God, we hope to make the home light outshine the glitter of the false lights so cunningly set by those who seek to destroy.'

After three months of patient, persistent work, Marshall Beck and Dick May began to be interested in the good times that were enjoyed in the home parlors. The music which had been appreciated in Dold's place gave way to real gems, after Marshall and Dick discovered that the mandolin and their voices were appreciated by nice people.

Marcia Lain, Lidia Beck, and Edith May sometimes find that letting the home light shine does require self-sacrificing and extra exertion. The brothers are not always thoughtful or appreciative of the sisters who have undertaken to outshine Dold's windows, though Georgie Lain looks upon Marcia with pride and affection. And Marcia, a year older and wiser, looks upon her work, and whispers her secret to other sisters who need to shine in the home, feeling well repaid for her efforts to help somebody when the washerwoman lately said to her:

'T'ankee, Miss Marshy, for ye talkin' ter my Mindy Jane 'bout helpin' her brudders ter be good. Dey 'pears ter laik each oder's comp'ny better an' enjoy bein togedder sence Mindy show dem wild boys she laiks em a heap. 'Twas powerful good in you,' Miss Marshy. We'll spile Dold's windows yit ef we tries an' keeps tryin'."—'Our Sunday Afternoon.'

Obedience in Children.

It is a good rule never to give commands which you are not prepared to insist on. But when you have made up your mind that a certain thing ought to be done, see to it that your decision is carried out to the letter. There ought to be no battle royal, however, except for matters of truth and goodness, such as the child's conscience can recognize as right. Never dissipate your influence by insisting on matters which owe their importance only to your arbitrary whim. Be sure and carry the child's conscience with you. Do not compel its obedience by the use of force, but by a persistent appeal to its moral sense. If you compel it by outward force you will alienate the child's affections, and induce the resolve to withstand you some day, when it has reached full growth. On the other hand, if you convince it that you are right, and compel obedience by an unhesitating appeal to its moral sense, you will secure its respect, its future obedience, and its consciousness that your demands are righteous and necessary. Of course there may be times when for a lie, an act of rudeness, or some gross impropriety, the cane may have to be used. But these occasions are very rare, and such punishment should be inflicted only when a wrong has been done, and not to compel the child to do what its conscience has already pointed out as obligatory.

Some parents are always appealing to their children by the name of Jesus. I have heard them say, 'Jesus would not wish you to do this,' or 'Jesus would like you to do that.' But to my mind, this method of reasoning is not so good as to appeal to their moral sense as the Apostle did, when he said, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.' The deepest conviction to which you can make appeal is the sense of right and wrong. If you cultivate this, you are teaching a child to guide its steps by an infallible rule, and are calling into play one of the noblest and divinest qualities of our moral nature.

Of course, no sane Christian parent will ever tell a child that under these or those circumstances God will cease to love it. This would be a bitter libel on God. Of course God will love it, do what it may. And probably the one thing which some day will bring back that wandered from the fold, will be the conviction that, however great his sin has been, it has not shut up the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord. Where should we have been if God had only loved us when we were good, and had not loved us in spite of our sins, until we were thawed and saved?

Prompt obedience is all-important as the foundation of a strong and healthy character, but love should always leave the door open for the prodigal's return.—'Christian Globe.'

Suggestions.

Equal parts of alcohol and ammonia make a capital cleanser for a greasy coat collar. Velvet collars may be treated in the same way.

I CURED MY RUPTURE

I will show you how to cure yours FREE

"I was helpless and bedridden for years from a bad rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated upon. I fooled them all and cured myself by the Rice Method. I advise all ruptured persons to use this method," writes Mr. Robt. Howard, Bracebridge, Muskoka Co., Ont. A **Free Trial** of this marvellous Method sent Free to all who write at once, giving description of their case. Thousands have been cured and **IT WILL CURE YOU.** Write to-day.

Dr. W. S. Rice, 2½ East Queen St. Block (631 Toronto, Ont.

Flags! Flags! Flags!

CANADIAN FLAGS!

Has your school one? Ask your teacher to write us for particulars as to our Diamond Jubilee Flag offer.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Building,
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Cancer Cured by Anointing with Oil

A combination of soothing and balmy oils has been discovered which readily cures all forms of cancer and tumor. It is safe and sure and may be used at home without pain or disfigurement. Readers should write for free books to the originators, whose home office address is Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

and the pile raised by holding close to a hot iron as soon as the cleansing is completed.

Glycerine removes coffee or milk spots from white goods. Paint the stains with the glycerine, then wash out the glycerine with lukewarm rainwater.

When a whitewashed ceiling has become blackened by the lamp, apply a layer of starch and water to it, allow it to dry, and when brushed off lightly the black will practically have disappeared.

Tinware looks much nicer when washed in hot water with milk instead of soap, and will not require the rough scouring which is commonly used by servants, and which soon wears off all the tin, leaving a rusty, useless article, neither iron nor tin.

Tar yields to a soak in kerosene or buttermilk, followed by a thorough rinsing in soapy water.

Selected Recipes.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Four tablespoonfuls made Indian meal mush, one quart sweet milk, three eggs, one teacup molasses, half a teacup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful each ginger and cinnamon, pinch of salt; bake.

Crumpets.—Beat two eggs, add one cupful of milk, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one-half of a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little warm water. Stir in sufficient flour to make a thin drop batter then beat vigorously for five minutes. Set the bowl in a pan of warm water, cover with a cloth and set aside until the batter is light and spongy; or, if to be raised over night, cover the bowl with a bread blanket and stand in a warm room. When ready to bake put the well-greased crumpet rings (they are like muffin rings but larger and shallower) on a hot greased griddle, pour in sufficient batter to two-thirds, fill the ring and set the griddle where the crumpets will color well on the under side in about eight minutes. Turn and when brown on the other side slip off the rings and serve on a heated plate. Or, after baking, they may be torn open, spread with butter, closed and lightly toasted.

Chicken with Baked Rice.—Joint and cut up chicken as for fricassee, nearly cover with hot water, add the grated yellow rind of half a lemon, one teaspoonful minced onion, and one bay leaf, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne, and simmer until tender. Put one pint of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful salt and one-half cupful of rice (thoroughly washed) in double boiler, and cook, without stirring, until tender. Spread chicken evenly in baking dish, rejecting the back bones; cook one heaping tablespoonful each of butter and flour until smooth, add two cupfuls of chicken stock strained, and pour one cupful over chicken. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs to rice, spread over chicken and bake in moderate oven one hour. Serve with remainder of gravy in boat. An excellent way to utilize fowls of uncertain age.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

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No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Flags! Flags! Flags!

Remember! Our Diamond Jubilee offer of Canadian Flags may be taken up by Clubs, Societies or Individuals, as well as schools. For particular write to

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EARN OVER $10 A DAY.

Agents Wanted all over the world. Experience not necessary. Ten dollars a day easily earned taking subscriptions for 'World Wide.' Write for full particulars and our hints for easy canvassing. Address the Publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal, Canada.

WOMAN'S $4.50 to $10.00 TAILORED SUITS to order, from Cloths, Silks, and Mohairs, also **Skirts, Raincoats** and **Waists.** Write for free fashions, and samples. Southcott Suit Co., London, Can., Dept. 19.

Earn a CAMERA and BICYCLE

Go for a Ride and Take Pictures of What You See.

All you have to do is to sell only 15 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. **It won't take 10 minutes,** and for your trouble we will give you, Free, a Camera and Outfit and full instructions, so that you can learn how to take pictures and print them in a few hours. Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, Hypo, Developer, Fixing Powder, etc., etc., everything necessary to make good pictures. We will also give you an opportunity to get a new model Bicycle, boy's or man's size, an up-to-date wheel that you couldn't buy in your town for less than **$25.00, Absolutely Free,** without selling any more Seeds. Remember, only 15 packages of Seeds to sell, and we guarantee to do exactly as we say. Write to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. **411,** Toronto, Ont

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 800 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c. each. Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

EASILY EARNED

You can easily sell 12 of our large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds in a few minutes and just as soon as you send us the money you get for them we will give you, Free, a big, handsome, perfect running, upright Steam Engine. It is a beauty; interesting and instructive, and perfectly safe. It has a brass boiler, sheet iron fire box, and everything that goes to make a perfect Engine. We will also give you an opportunity to get a beautiful $10 Watch Free All you have to do is to sell only 12 packages of our Seeds. Everybody buys them. Write to-day. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 412, Toronto, Ont.

Punch and Judy 27-in. High FREE

These figures come in beautiful fast oil colors on strong sateen, and they can be stuffed with cotton or old rags of any kind, as directions will show. Boys and Girls, do you know how much fun there is giving a Punch and Judy show? Do you know how many pennies you can make, too? Then why not have a Punch and Judy of your own? You can get them for nothing from us if you will sell only 15 large beautiful packages of our fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, and in endless combinations of beautiful colors. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw. It won't take 10 minutes to sell the whole 15. Write to-day, and we will mail you the seeds postpaid, and as soon as we get the money for them we will send you this Punch and Judy free. There are barrels of fun in store for you. Don't delay. **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 407, Toronto**

EASY TO GET

A Dolly that Goes to Sleep and a $25.00 Bicycle FREE

Just send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid, 15 packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. Girls, you never saw anything sell so fast. They are so big and beautiful. They contain such a splendid mixture of large, deliciously fragrant flowers that everybody buys. When sold, return the money and we will give you this lovely Girl Doll, handsomely dressed from head to foot, real bisque head, blue eyes, pink cheeks, pearly teeth, golden curls, a perfect beauty, that you can dress, undress and put to bed, for this Girl Doll is dressed just like you—real stockings and slippers, lace trimmed underwear and stylish dress, and hat that you can take off as often as you like. Besides this lovely Girl Doll we will give you an opportunity to get a High Grade $25.00 Bicycle, Lady's or Girl's size, **Absolutely Free.** This is the best chance you ever had. Don't miss it. Just think, all we ask you to do is to sell only 15 packages of Seeds, and it won't take longer than 10 minutes. We trust you. Don't send us any money. A few of these big beauty Girl Dolls shut their eyes and go to sleep—not many, and they will be given away first, so be sure to write to-day. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 423 TORONTO Ont**

BOYS! HERE'S THE BEST EVER A DAISY RIFLE AND $25 BICYCLE FREE

Send us your name and address to-day and we'll mail you postpaid 15 of our large fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada to sell at 10c. each. When sold, return the money and for your trouble we'll give you the best Air Rifle made—a strong, accurate shooter, safe, sure and harmless. Worth $1.50 in your store. We will also give you an opportunity to enter our Grand Free Bicycle Contest by which every boy has a chance to win a new model High Grade regular $25 Bicyle absolutely Free. Boys, don't miss such a grand chance Think what sport it will be to jump on a bicycle, with a Rifle on your back, ride out to the country and shoot ducks and squirrels. This advertisement may not appear again. Write to-day sure. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. **421,** Toronto

Big Magic Lantern FREE

Fitted with double Telescope Crystal lenses made of lacquered brass and nickel plated, handsomely designed; complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored slides. Is a thing known for evening amusements and shows. Send us your name and address for only 15 of our large, fast-selling, beautifully-colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world, to sell at 10c. each. Return us the money received and we will send you the Magic Lantern and complete outfit at once. Write to-day. PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 436 TORONTO, ONTARIO

14K GOLD WATCH FREE

Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you post-paid 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds**, to sell for us at 10c a package. **(A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.)** Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this elegant Watch, with heavy Gold laid, beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. W. Cottingham, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I am very much pleased with my watch and would not take $5.00 for it." Boys, don't wait, but send us your name and address to-day. You can easily sell the Sweet Pea Packages in half an hour as they are the largest, the best, and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c. **The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 413 Toronto.**

BOYS, GIVE US AN HOUR AFTER SCHOOL AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A $3.00 FOOTBALL.

We say an hour, but most of the boys don't take half that time to get 2 doz. of our large, beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Every package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. Everybody buys them, and for doing this easy work we will give you one of the best Balls made, Association or Rugby, whichever you choose, best quality leather, good rubber bladder. You could'nt buy it in your town under $3.00. Over 2,000 boys are enjoying the game of football to-day with balls that they earned by doing a little work for us. You're next. Write to-day and we'll mail the seeds postpaid. **The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 416, Toronto.**

WHAT BOY WANTS A WATCH and BICYCLE?

If you do, send us your name and address and we'll mail you postpaid, 18 large, beautiful colored packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada, to sell at 10c. each. Send us the money you get for them and for your work we'll give you one of the handsomest Boy's watches you ever saw—solid silver nickel case, highly polished, accurate American movement, porcelain dial, good plain figures, fine blue steel hands, heavy bevelled French crystal—a splendid time-keeper and a watch that any boy would be proud to wear. **Grand Extra Prize.**—If you will write us to-day and be prompt in selling the Seeds, we will give you an opportunity to get a **New Model High Grade $25 Bicycle absolutely free** without selling any more Seeds. We are a reliable company and do exactly what we say. Our Sweet Pea Packages are the easiest things you ever tried to sell. Write at once. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 422, Toronto.**

THIS HANDSOME FUR SCARF
Lady's or Girl's Size
Will Be GIVEN FREE

To anyone who will sell only 20 of our

COOK BOOKS
At 10c each.

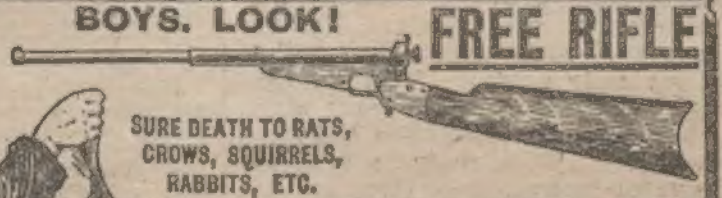
They are all beautifully printed, handsomely bound in very attractive covers, and each one contains **739 Choice Recipes.** Every housekeeper will be glad to buy one. They are fully worth 25c, and we have sold thousands of them at 15c each. At only 10c each you can sell the whole 20 in half an hour.

Send No Money

Simply drop us a card with your name and address, and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any girl lady to get a handsome stylish fur for the rest of the Winter and next winter as well, without spending one cent.

Address, **THE MAXWELL CO.,**
Dept. 419, Toronto.

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., says: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 423 Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powasson, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 414, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **16** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept **401** Toronto.

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell **16** of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest, prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 18k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 441 Toronto, Ont.**

"THE WATCH IS A DANDY

FREE FREE FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Melcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 409 **Toronto.**

EARN THIS WATCH,

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'